



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

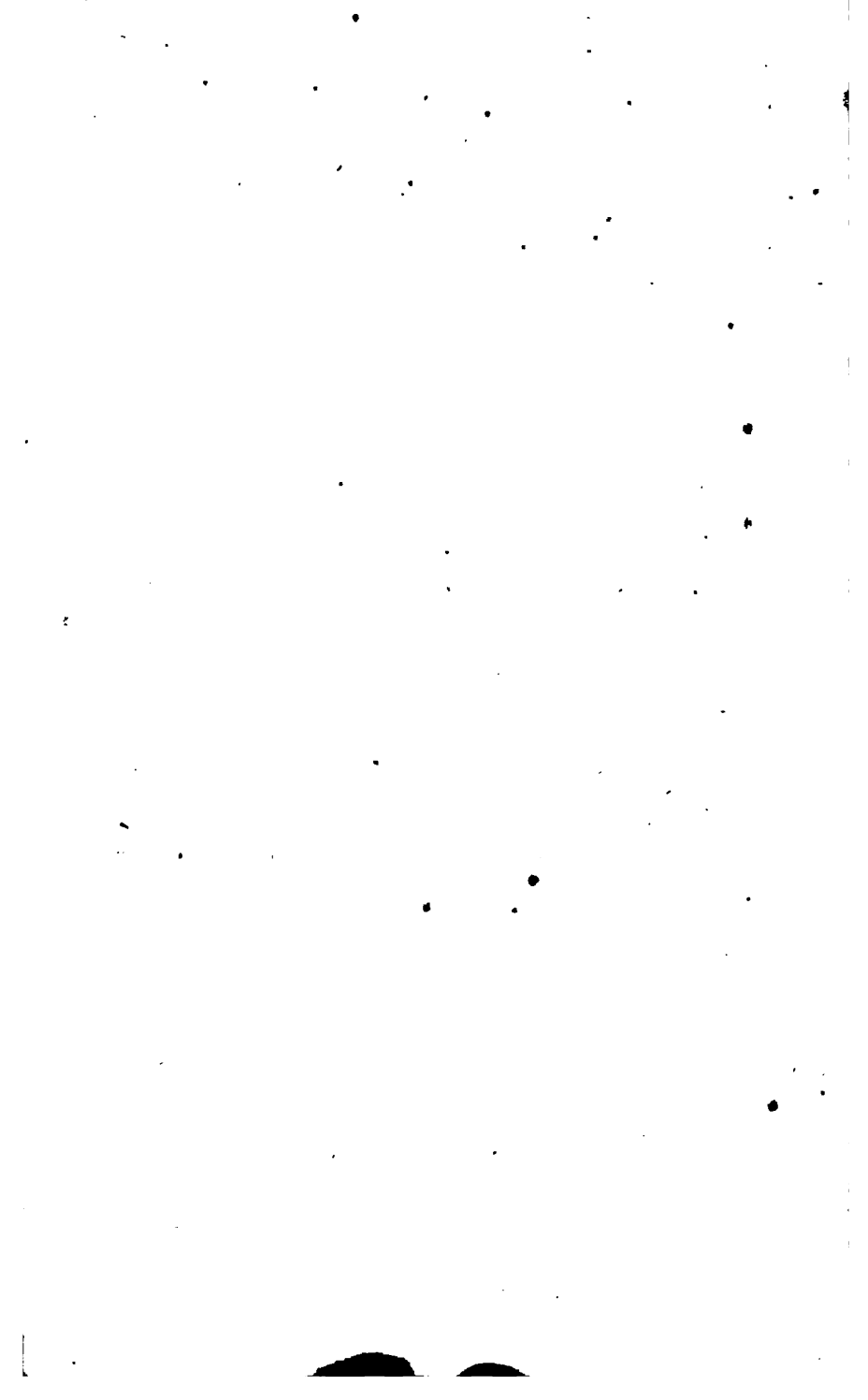
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

828
B4718sn
1859





1944



SONGS

BY

A SONG-WRITER.

FIRST HUNDRED.

W. C. Bennett
BY
W. C. BENNETT.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN & HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1859.

187
377.65n
187

LONDON :
PRINTED BY WERTHEIMER AND CO.
CIRCUS PLACE, FINSBURY.

T42-234328

TO

JAMES T. FIELDS.

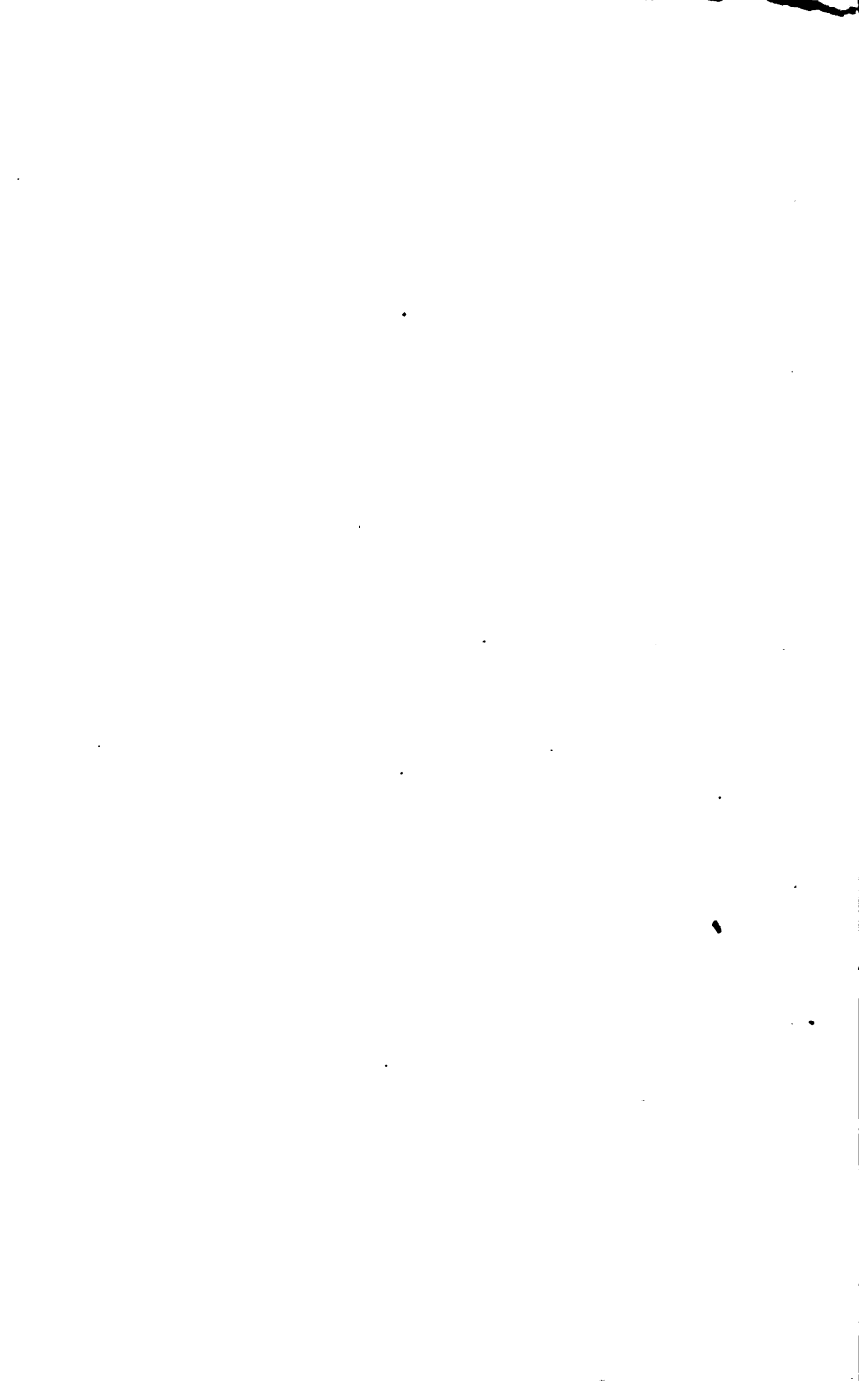
OF BOSTON, U.S.

WITH ALL GOOD WISHES,

FROM ONE OF HIS MANY ENGLISH FRIENDS,

W. C. BENNETT.

2, THE CIRCUS,
GREENWICH.



EVER since I could read Songs, I have loved them. The dearest shelf of my book-case is that where rank, shoulder to shoulder, in loving brotherhood, Burns and Béranger, Campbell and Herrick. There, too, are those best-loved of all book-companions, the volumes which bring together the quaint fancies and delicate music of the lyrics of our Elizabethan Dramatists and our Cavalier Singers, and treasure for ever, in the Songs of Scotland and of Ireland, the sobs and laughs of bygone generations, for the admiration and the love of all coming centuries. Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton, I reverence with awe. They are the forests, the mountain ranges, the oceans of our literature. But Song-writers are my familiar friends. With what ever-new delight I wander through the grassy valleys, the daisied fields, the summer orchards, by the tinkling rivulets of the land of Song. The Epic speaks to the brain. It demands that I labour up to a fitting comprehension of its grandeur. The Song sings to my heart, and my heart laughs, or answers in tears — what pleasant ones! — to every cry of nature which it utters. “ Blessings be on them, and eternal praise,” who have made the dead past so blossom with strange loveliness for the toiling present. I, too, would add a flower or two to the great garden of Song, best gladdener of the present, best comforter of the

future. For with my love of Songs has grown my love of Song-writing ; but with my love of Song-writing has increased my knowledge of all that constitutes a perfect Song, and, alas ! of all the difficulty of producing one in any way approaching to perfection, especially in this England of ours, to-day. For why is it we English have no "Auld langsyne" and "John Anderson, my Jo," no "Ae fond kiss" and "Annie Lawrie," or, to cross the Channel, no "*Le Grenier*" or "*Lisette*" ? We have feelings true enough, and deep enough. Nay, we have passions to which the noisy sentiment of the Parisian is tame. But we scorn to utter them. We shrink from exposing them to public view, as if it were to public ridicule. We strangle their utterance as we would the cry of physical pain. We hold it weak to waste ourselves in words. No, we are a people whose feelings are as undemonstrative as they are deep. We are not given to the revelations of the confessional or the gesticulations of the boards. We would rather that men's eyes should not centre upon us. Our feelings are for our bosom friends, our homes, and ourselves ; we are not talkative Frenchmen, to flourish them in the eyes of acquaintances and strangers. We have had but one Byron, like Goethe, to use up life for art. Nor have we the impulsiveness of our own Celtic or semi-Celtic races, who, French in their vivacity, pour forth every feeling as it stirs them. And this national reserve, this scornful denial of free utterance to passion, weighs down the Song-writer into a servile obedience to the iron opinion that rules around

him. He, too, learns to regard only that which is external to himself as fitting to the use of his art. He, too, shrinks from showing nature undraped. He, too, must thrust aside truth and success, for unreality, falsehood, and failure. There must be Wordsworthism, Carlyleism, Ruskinism, Pre-Raphaelitism, in English Song-writing, to give to us a Song-literature fit to name with that of Scotland. So we have no Songs in the sense in which Scotland and France, and even Ireland, have them. For Song is the music of feeling, the melody of passion, pulsing from the heart as naturally as the blood; and, with us, feeling is unnaturally struck into self-imposed dumbness. We allow only our fancy and our reason to supply us with Songs; so, like our national music, they are artificial. We have madrigals and laboured conceits, not tunes and gushes of fun, of joy, of love, of sorrow. Lately we have taken to setting moral maxims to popular airs, for the evangelization of our streets, our concerts and our drawing-rooms: but it is cold work, this. The fancy speaks but to the fancy, the reason but to the reason: we want the heart to speak to the heart.

“Out of thy own mouth will I condemn thee,” will be said by the readers of most of the Songs I here print. Granted. How is this? I have loved all styles of Song-writing. Loving all, I have attempted all; nor will those who read this volume find it difficult to trace the influence of the cold and polished conceits of Beaumont and Fletcher, and Suckling and Carew; the pretinences of Haynes Bayley, of Barry Cornwall, and of

Moore; the fire and nationality of Campbell, of the Jacobite singers, and the Young Ireland of the *Nation*; the nature and passion of Gerald Griffin, of Byron, and of Burns; and the dramatic power, the satire and the sentiment, of Béranger and his compatriots. Thanks to the genius of the great Parisian, that dazzling sun-beam that dances and glances so brightly through his pages, sparkles and gleams fitfully through mine. But let not my readers be startled. That Parisian reality, flesh and blood, in "the Garret" of the Circe of cities, is but a "tricksy spirit" here, "of fancy bred." In the words of him whose highest glory it was to write "*Chansonnier*" after a name eternal in the love and the reverence of Frenchmen —

Lisette, même, hélas! n'est plus qu'une ombre.

I have written nearly four hundred Songs. A few in this volume have already been printed and have received no cold welcome from the press and the public. Some ten years since I conceived the idea of writing a lyrical poem composed of Songs, each of which while complete in itself as an independent poem, should form a connecting link carrying on, by the feeling it expressed or the incident from which it sprang, the tale which the whole together loosely completed. The Song, I thought, might thus be a better form in the hand of an English Petrarch than the Sonnet had been in that of the great Italian. This project I have partly carried out. In the past ten years I have collected above one hundred lyrics towards such a tale in Songs. Heinrich Heine's

"Book of Songs," with which I have just formed an acquaintance, is conceived on some such a plan. Scott, in his Ballad Romances, Byron and Moore, in their Eastern extravaganzas, Wordsworth and Coleridge in some of their finest poems, had given to each movement of the tale its fit and varying lyrical expression.

But the publication of "Maud" more nearly approached to the realization of my idea, though I had confined myself strictly to the Song, that is a poem written to be sung, or rather which, by the music it contains in itself, which moulds it to the form it takes, forces you to sing it, the truest proof of a Song being a Song. Some few Songs from this collection I have included in this volume. Should their reception encourage me, the rest may venture from the safe darkness of manuscript into the dangerous daylight of print. "Shall I publish them?" is the question which this volume puts to its critics and to its readers. Its reception will be the answer.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
1. Dreams	1
2. A Sailor's Song	2
3. A Kiss—a Smile—a Sigh	3
4. The Cavalier's Whisper	4
5. "O might I be the happy glove"	4
6. "O but to see her face again"	6
7. "A kiss for your thought"	6
8. Unchanged	7
9. "Ellen, you're my rose"	8
10. "This heart, once a bee"	8
11. Goodbye	9
12. "O Summer, paint me her sweet lips"	10
13. Die, Day!	11
14. "How lightly sleeping Cupid lies"	11
15. Baby's Shoes	12
16. The New Paris	13
17. A Wife's Song	15
18. A Spring Song	15
19. From a Garret	16
20. Ye Roses, with her Blushes blow	18
21. "For you"	19
22. To the Memory of Robert Burns	20
23. "Prithee tell me where Love dwells"	24

	PAGE
24. The Queen	25
25. A Winter Song	26
26. "A smile—it was but a smile"	27
27. The wrecked Hope	28
28. God save the Queen	28
29. "I've watch'd you from the shore"	31
30. Over the Sea	31
31. "Ope, folded rose"	32
32. Wishes	33
33. A Summer Invocation	34
34. Mary! Mary!	34
35. The Forsaken	36
36. The homeward Watch	37
37. No more	38
38. "Prithee, what hath snared thee, heart?"	38
39. "O weary thoughts, be still"	40
40. May-day Song	43
41. The Torch-race	44
42. The Wife's Appeal	46
43. "Draw down your veil"	49
44. Lisette in Australia	49
45. Pierre Jean de Béranger	50
46. "No—No, my love is no rose"	54
47. God's best Gift	55
48. "Were mine the songs Anacreon sung"	57
49. Why?	53
50. "Hear, hear, on ye we call"	59
51. The Cry of the lawful Lanterns	60
52. From Sea	62
53. "Farewell! farewell!"	64

SONGS BY A SONG-WRITER.

First Hundred.



DREAMS.

DREAMS that I dream — sweet dreams !
The length of a crowded street,
A light form tripping to me,
That makes my full heart beat;
And a meeting that, thought of, seems
Too sweet for a thing of dreams:
Dreams that I dream — sweet dreams !

Dreams that I dream — wild dreams !
A looking in tearful eyes,
In eyes that for love of me
Will not utter the soul's wild cries;
And a last farewell that seems
Too bitter for only dreams:
Dreams that I dream — wild dreams !

A SAILOR'S SONG.

" WOULD you be a sailor's wife?

" Beware!

" Would you share a sailor's life?

" Take care!

" For, oh! a sailor's life must be

" Spent away on the far, far sea,

" And little of him his wife may see—

" Not she."

Yet still she cried, " Whate'er betide,

" A sailor's wife I'll be ;

" For the winds with health his brown cheeks fill,

" And the sea's fresh life is in him still,

" Not the land's weak heart: say what you will,

" A sailor's wife I'll be."

" Would you be a sailor's wife?

" Beware!

" Would you share a sailor's life?

" Take care!

" To the savage sea he is wedded groom,

" And grief shall your weary life consume,

" And widow'd nights and days your doom

" Must be!"

Yet still she cried, " Whate'er betide,

" A sailor's wife I'll be ;

" If weeping partings we must know,

" He'll come again though he must go,

" And, oh! to think he'll come back! oh!

" A sailor's wife I'll be."

“ Would you be a sailor's wife ?

“ Beware !

“ Would you share a sailor's life ?

“ Take care !

“ O worse than absence, there may be

“ A grave for him in the far wild sea,

“ His young babe's face he may never see,

“ Nor thee !”

Yet still she sigh'd, “ Whate'er betide,

“ A sailor's wife I'll be;

“ For whether the land or deck be trod,

“ All lie at last beneath wave or sod,

“ And all are in the hand of God;

“ A sailor's wife I'll be.”



A KISS — A SMILE — A SIGH.

A kiss — a smile — a sigh —

The sweetest that love can give,

For what but these care I !

For these alone I live;

'Tis these that speed my hours

Till days like moments fly;

O, love, be always ours,

A kiss — a smile — a sigh !

A kiss — a smile — a sigh ;

And why should we ask the last ?

Ah ! sweet, if sorrow fly,

Be sure love too has past ;

'Tis sorrow's presence gives
The proof that love is nigh;
Ask you on what he lives?
A kiss—a smile—a sigh.

THE CAVALIER'S WHISPER.

'Tis a cloudless noon of sultry June,
And pleasant it is to win
The cool thick shade by the chestnut made,
In front of the wayside inn;
And a pleasant sight, with his feather of white,
Is the mounted Cavalier,
Who stoops for the cup that the maid gives up,
With a word none else can hear.

A moment more — from that shady door
That horseman rides away;
And little, I guess, he thinks—and less
Of the word he bent to say;
But many a noon of many a June
Must pass, with many a year,
Ere the maiden who heard that whisper'd word,
Forgets that Cavalier.

O MIGHT I BE THE HAPPY GLOVE!

O MIGHT I be the happy glove,
The happy glove that clasps her hand!

But, O more blest, how would I love
To be her robe's glad girdling band,
For ever press'd, in clasp how warm!
What mighty raptures there to taste!
O Eros! round her slender waist;
O boy-god! round her living form;
Ah! then what fevering hours were mine
Of burning dreams and bliss divine!

And, O were I the sparkling ring,
Around her rosy finger worn!
How to that finger would I cling,
And there all kingly jewels scorn!
O more, that I that neck might touch!
That I might one dear instant rest,
A nestling jewel, on her breast!
Ah, sweet desire, for hope too much!
Yet what would I not, girl, resign,
To make such mighty gladness mine!

Yet were this more than, love, to me
The niggard hand of joy could spare,
O might I for one evening be
A flower amid your raven hair!
Even though it were a dying flower,
That breathed its gentle life away;
A sweet white withering jasmine spray,
But pluck'd to please you one bright hour;
Even then in death what dreams were mine
Of burning love and bliss divine!

O BUT TO SEE HER FACE AGAIN!

O but to see her face again !
 O but to hear her speak !
 To feel her braided, ~~raven~~ *golden* hair
 Again against my cheek !
 Cold is the wintry sky without,
 Cold — cold, the white snows fall ;
 But O, my wintry heart within
 Is colder far than all !

Ah ! many a night, in frost and sleet,
 I've waited for her long,
 And felt but summer in the drift,
 Heard in the blast but song.
 Keen drives the wintry gust without,
 Cold, cold the white snows fall ;
 But O, my wintry heart within
 Is colder far than all.

A KISS FOR YOUR THOUGHT.

A kiss for your thought — a kiss
 As sweet as this ;
 And should it in truth, love, be
 Of me, me, but me,
 As, love, indeed, it ought,
 I'll not deny you three.
 A kiss — a kiss for your thought.

A kiss for your thought—a kiss
 As dear as this;
 And should it in truth not be
 Of me, me, but me,
 As, laughter, indeed, it ought,
 Your pardon will cost you three.
 A kiss—a kiss for your thought.

UNCHANGED.

I KNOW that time will streak with gray
 That raven hair in years;
 I know those eyes, at last, will dim
 With age as well as tears;
 Year after year, I know, some charm
 Will from that form depart,
 But well I know, the thought of me,
 Will never leave your heart.

Through years, and cares, and every change
 That time and grief can bring;
 Through life and death, still will your heart
 To that but closer cling.
 I know, that all things else held dear,
 With years less dear will be;
 But I know unchanged, love, to the last
 Will live your love for me.

ELLEN, YOU'RE MY ROSE.

ELLEN, you're my rose,
 Not the Summer's queen,
 She her beauty shows
 But when elms are green.
 Her no more I see;
 White fall Winter's snows,
 Yet in your cheek she blooms for me;
 Ellen, you're my rose.

Spring hung o'er her birth;
 Autumn heap'd her grave;
 O'er her odorous earth
 Now the wild winds rave.
 Summer's darling, she
 Fled before the snows,
 Yet in your cheek she blooms for me;
 Ellen, you're my rose.

THIS HEART, ONCE A BEE.

THIS heart, once a bee, may have been, love, a rover,
 From bloom to gay bloom sadly given to roam;
 But now its old season of wandering is over,
 Your sweetness will keep it for ever at home.

And why did it flutter from flower to flower,
So false to so many? what else could it do!
What was it but seeking, through every bright hour,
To find one as fill'd with all sweetness as you.

Then deem it no proof that this heart must be roving,
Still doubting it ever from what it has done;
It once did but toy, knowing nothing of loving,
Till, sporting from many, it clung, love, to one.

GOOD-BYE.

GOOD-BYE ! the word is lightly spoken
When ties but lightly bound are broken;
But in that word, to you and me,
Is all that never more may be.
And you and I
Would gladlier die
Than utter now " Good-bye — good-bye !"

Good-bye ! to some, O joy — not sorrow !
It speaks of meeting on some morrow.
To us, that word can only tell
A hopeless, endless, last farewell:
And sob and sigh,
Our hearts' wild cry,
Are in that word, " Good-bye — good-bye !"

O SUMMER, PAINT ME HER SWEET LIPS.

O SUMMER, paint me her sweet lips upon thy glowing air!
 Across thy gloom, O Winter, fling the dark night of her hair!

O Memory, tender Memory, hear my cry!
 Give back, give back the loving lips I never more may touch!
 Red! the geranium's scarlet show'd, but poor and pale by such!
 O Memory! bring but these again, and thou wilt give, how
 much!

O but to see her face again, and die!

Yet more, O more, O bring me more than yearn'd-for face
 and form—

The dark eye, misty with its love—the blush with passion
 warm—

All my blood leapt up to answer in the past!
 O give me not the coral of her curving lip alone,
 But the words in which the quivering heart beat, trembling,
 through each tone,

And the warm dear silence, more than words, that own'd her
 all my own,

And the white arms hung around me at the last!

O foolish heart, be still, be still! thy cry is ever vain
 For the looks, and smiles, and burning tears that shall not
 come again,

All that never more thy living eyes shall see.
 The buried past is far and cold, and silent in its grave;
 Its ears are dull and deaf to all thy misery can rave;
 How poor is Memory's power one faint, wan, fleeting glimpse
 to save,

Of all that never—never more may be!

DIE, DAY !

DIE, day ! die, day !
 Down — down — downward, haste away !
 Here, for night and her I stay ;
 Die, day ! die, bright day !

Come, night ! come, night !
 Give her — give her to my sight !
 Bring my joy — my heart's delight !
 Come, night ! come, sweet night !

HOW LIGHTLY SLEEPING CUPID LIES.

How lightly sleeping Cupid lies,
 And smiles, and dreams within my heart !
 A touch — a tone — his folded eyes
 Awake to sweet life with a start ;
 Or does he sleep, or does he feign ?
 So light his slumbers, scarce I know ;
 Scarce closed his eyes, when, straight again
 Wide-oped, with love they gleam and glow.

Yet, if to life the slumberer leap,
 Quick at a glance — a touch — a tone,
 How lightly, too, he sinks to sleep,
 How well to many a heart is known !

Pout not, sweet lips; those eyes' bright power
Rule him with spells but known to few;
And should he sleep some erring hour,
He'll, sleeping, smile, and dream of you.

What though from out the shadowy past
Soft laughs he hears — sees dear eyes gleam!
Hopes — fears — that long have lived their last,
What though their sweetness haunt his dream!
How weak their power! From dreams he breaks;
The Past's dear charm no more endures;
Beneath your smile he thrills — he wakes,
His tears — his laughs — his life but yours.

BABY'S SHOES.

O THOSE little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use!
O the price were high
That, those shoes, would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good will,
Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet!

And O, since that baby slept,
So hush'd ! how the mother has kept,
 With a tearful pleasure,
 That little dear treasure,
And, o'er them, thought and wept !

For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor,
 And blue eyes she sees
 Look up from her knees,
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair,
 A little sweet face
 That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then O wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
 Than those tiny blue shoes
 That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start.

THE NEW PARIS.

A HOME FANCY.

How strange are, wife, the freaks of dreams !
How quaintly does the mocking night
Weave that which is with that which seems,
To cheat with shows our sleeping sight !

Last night, my last word breathed your name ;
I slept; then, mingling false and true,
Swift to my eyes a vision came
In antique guise, and yet of you.

Methought I breathed on Ida's side,
In Ilium's days, that Dardan boy
To whom Dione gave that bride,
The wonder, boast, and doom of Troy.
Hush'd was the noon; down on my eyes
A glory swam with sudden awe;
Herè the great — Pallas the wise,
And her — the Queen of smiles — I saw.

Hermes, alone, beside was there;
A golden fruit the wing'd one bore:
" This, unto her who is most fair,
" Give thou!" he said; nor said he more.
Then heard I voices lure me straight,
Gifts fit for Gods in every voice;
Power — wisdom — beauty — seem'd to wait
Upon the breath that told my choice.

O what had I with thrones to do?
Cold wisdom's gifts why should I prize?
I ask'd but power to live for you,
But wisdom won from those dear eyes.
A gaze that oft had Gods beguiled
Met mine; Dione from me drew
The golden triumph as she smiled,
And, smiling, for it, proffered you.

A WIFE'S SONG.

O WELL I love the Spring,
 When the sweet, sweet hawthorn blows :
 And well I love the Summer,
 And the coming of the rose ;
 But dearer are the changing leaf,
 And the year upon the wane,
 For O they bring the blessed time
 That brings him home again.

November may be dreary ;
 December's days may be
 As full of gloom to others
 As once they were to me :
 But, O to hear the tempest
 Beat loud against the pane !
 For the roaring wind and the blessed time
 That brings him home again !

A SPRING SONG.

LONG has been the winter,
 Long — long — in vain
 We've sought the bud upon the bough,
 The primrose in the lane.
 Long have skies been dull and gray,
 Nipping's been the blast ;
 But, sing ! Summer's coming !
 The bee's out at last.

FROM A GARRET.

Sing! Winter's flying;
 Summer's coming fast;
 Humming joy and Spring-time,
 The bee's out at last.

Loud shouts the cuckoo;
 The nested elm round,
 Wheels the rook, cawing;
 There are shadows on the ground.
 Warm comes the breeze and soft,
 Freezing days are past.

Sing! Summer's coming!
 The bee's out at last.
 Sing! Winter's flying;
 Summer's coming fast;
 Humming hope and Spring-time,
 The bee's out at last.

FROM A GARRET.

A LONDON LYRIC.

DEAR wife, the crowded, bustling street
 Scarce notes your neatness glancing by;
 Scarce worth a look from those we meet,
 Scarce worth a thought are you and I.
 Or if wealth deigns to stoop its eyes
 A moment to us, wife, be sure
 It sees us only to despise,
 Or pity us as sadly poor.

And are we poor? Yes, I confess
I fear the rich despise my coat.
Pride scorns too, Kate, that cotton dress,
On which you know, Kate, how I dote.
If wealth be cash in purse or bank,
Or stocks or rents alone, I'm sure
For wealth we have not much to thank
The stars; nay, we must own we're poor.

But are these, Kate, the only wealth?
Without them all, may we not own
Riches in youth that laughs with health,
How often to the rich unknown.
Without a shilling—forced to earn
Or do without each meal, I'm sure,
Rich in content, we've yet to learn
That in the truest wealth we're poor.

What if no West-end mansion be
Our home—if quite four stories high
Our two white-curtained windows see
A landscape but of roofs and sky!
Mirth loves, I think, the upper air.
No *ennui* homes with us, I'm sure.
Gladness, the best of wealth, is there;
And, blest with that, O are we poor?

No opera-box invites the stare
Of coxcombs, Kate, your charms to see.
What matters that? you only care
To show your beauty, Kate, to me.

If 'mongst the gods we see the play,
If poor-drest balls are ours, I'm sure
Our laughs and happy hearts can say,
If mirth be wealth, we are not poor.

And O, our garret, Kate, can tell,
Although its walls be somewhat bare,
That friendship loves its comfort well,
And laughter's always noisy there;
And love, who flies from state and fuss,
Makes ours his dearest home, I'm sure.
Is he not always, Kate, with us?
And, rich in love, can we be poor?

YE ROSES, WITH HER BLUSHES, BLOW.

YE roses, with her blushes, blow;
Ye lilies, lift her neck of snow;
Thou dusky night, ye starry skies,
Show forth the dark light of her eyes;
Thou rosy morning, steal to earth
With her gay smiles, her sparkling mirth;
You, dewy tears of twilight eves,
Weep softly, softly as she grieves,
That ever she may present be
In all sweet sounds we hear, in all sweet sights we see.

Thou, Music, with her low tones stir
Our hearts; thou, Painting, image her;
And thou, white Sculpture, let her seem
To smile from every marble dream

Of thine, that she may ever be
Fair in all fair things shaped by thee;
And thou, O Poet, to her give,
Sweet, in thy sweetest songs to live.
So thou, blest Art, shalt give her part
In all thy lustrous life in man's delighted heart.

FOR YOU.

For you — for you — I live for you ;
And, if I long for fame,
 'Tis that I'd give
 A life to live
For ages with your name.
I thirst for fame, 'tis true,
But then 'tis fame for you.

For you — for you — I live for you ;
Yes, wealth indeed I crave,
 That all that I
 With wealth can buy,
You, dearest, you may have.
I would have gold, 'tis true,
But then 'tis gold for you.

For you — for you — I live for you ;
No day but brings this heart
 Your thought with light;
 No dream has night
In which you have not part.
I live, I breathe, 'tis true ;
But, love, I live for you.

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

BORN JANUARY 25, 1759.

AND he was born a century since !
What matters that to him?
Years dull the fame of peer and prince,
But his what years can dim?
No ; he whom falser glories dread,
Old Time, would scorn to wrong
One laurel on the glorious head
Of this our king of song.
Fill ! If cold to his fame there be
One Scot, him Scotland spurns.
Up, Scotchmen all, and drink with me,
“ Our glory — Robert Burns ! ”

Ah, friends ! old Scotland's heart to warm,
Another comes not soon
Like him bestow'd on her in storm
Upon the banks of Doon.
O clay-built cot that gave him birth,
Where is your name not known —
Your name, poor hut, that gave to earth
The man earth's proud to own?
Fill ! Proud of him we well may be,
Whose words no child but learns.
Up, Scotchmen all, with three times three,
And drink to “ Robert Burns ! ”

The very air he breathed is dear
To all, whate'er their lots.
O fields he trod ! what heart is here
But holds you holy spots?
O Ellisland ! no Scot is he
A glow who does not feel
To hear thy name, or more to see
Thy lowly roof, Mossgiel !
What Scottish heart, where'er it be
In farthest lands, but yearns,
Ere death, the very homes to see
That shelter'd Robert Burns?

'Twas his our meanest wants to know,
Our worst toils to endure;
But, more—to pride and wealth to show
What souls God gives the poor.
How little Heaven for titles cares,
How well his genius told,
That rank is but the stamp it bears,
That man's the sterling gold !
No nobler truth the world can know
Than this from him it learns,
The high may be beneath the low.
Then drink " The Ploughman Burns !"

And were they sung so long ago?
Well, time but makes more dear
His songs, that do but sweeter grow,
And sweeter with each year.
O tender strains, how well you told
Our fathers' joy and fears !

The self-same power to-day you hold
To speak our laughs and tears.
Than this that it was his to know,
That now our reverence earns,
No nobler power God gives below —
Then drink, “ The Poet Burns !”

Flow on, O Ayr — O Nith, flow on —
Soft murmur of his praise
Who shower'd yet richer charms upon
Your bonny banks and braes !
Through him how many a dear, dear scene
A sweeter beauty fills !
More green your valleys' tender green,
More dear your heathy hills ;
Where breathes the Scot who, far or near,
But to old Scotland yearns ?
Then fill to him who made more dear
Her hills and vales, — to “ Burns !”

O poet ! let thy heart rejoice
Wherever now thou art ;
Thy songs still live in every voice,
Still throb through every heart.
In every clime those songs are heard ;
What nations from us spring !
And still, where sounds an English word,
O Burns, thy songs they sing !
And long as hearts shall sink and swell
With grief and mirth by turns,
Those songs our joys and griefs shall tell —
Then drink to “ Robert Burns !”

And O, not only through our days
Shall "Auld Langsyne" be sung,
And, praised with tears, "Ye banks and braes,"
Shall linger from each tongue.
To those dear words, to unborn eyes
Unbidden tears shall steal,
While time an English heart supplies
Their tender charm to feel.
Then up! to him your glasses raise
To whom your love so yearns,
Whom unborn hearts shall love and praise.
Up! Scotchmen,— "Robert Burns!"

Yet let not Scotland rise alone
To this our loving toast;
No; England claims him as her own,
Her glory and her boast.
Then up — up all! — and fill with me
Your glasses to the brim;
Our common pride he well may be,
Let all, then, drink to him.
The fame of him whose matchless songs
No English tongue but learns,
To all of English blood belongs;
Fill all—to "Robert Burns!"

THE QUEEN.

A FIRE-SIDE SONG.

YES, wife, I'd be a throned king,
 That you might share my royal seat,
 That titled beauty I might bring
 And princes' homage to your feet.
 How quickly, then, would nobles see
 Your courtly grace—your regal mien;
 Even duchesses all blind should be
 To flaw or speck in you, their Queen.

Poor wish! O wife, a queen you are,
 To whose feet many a subject brings
 A truer homage, nobler far
 Than bends before the thrones of kings.
 You rule a realm, wife, in this heart
 Where not one rebel fancy's seen;
 Where hopes and smiles, how joyous! star
 To own the sway of you, their Queen.

How loyal are my thoughts by day!
 How faithful is each dream of night!
 Not one but lives but to obey
 Your rule,—to serve you, its delight;
 My hours—each instant—every breath
 Are, wife, as all have ever been,
 Your slaves, to serve you unto death;
 O wife, you are indeed a Queen!

A WINTER SONG.

CRACKLE and blaze,
 Crackle and blaze,
 There's snow on the housetops; there's ice on the ways;
 But the keener the season
 The stronger's the reason
 Our ceiling should flicker and glow in thy blaze.
 So fire—piled fire,
 Leap, fire, and shout;
 Be it warmer within
 As 'tis colder without,
 And as curtains we draw and around the hearth close,
 As we glad us with talk of great frosts and deep snows,
 As redly thy warmth on the shadow'd wall plays,
 We'll say Winter's evenings outmatch Summer's days,
 And a song, jolly roarer, we'll shout in thy praise;
 So crackle and blaze,
 Crackle and blaze,
 While roaring the chorus goes round in thy praise.

Crackle and blaze,
 Crackle and blaze,
 There's ice on the ponds; there are leaves on the ways;
 But the barer each tree
 The more reason have we
 To joy in the summer that roars in thy blaze.
 So fire, piled fire,
 The lustier shout
 The louder the winds shriek
 And roar by without,

And as, red through the curtains, go out with thy light
Pleasant thoughts of warm firesides across the dark night,
Passers by, hastening on, shall be loud in thy praise;
And while spark with red spark in thy curling smoke plays,
Within, the loud song to thy honour we'll raise.

So crackle and blaze,

Crackle and blaze,

While roaring the chorus goes round in thy praise.

A SMILE — IT WAS BUT A SMILE.

A SMILE — it was but a smile,

Yet it set my stirr'd heart thinking,
And dizzied my dancing brain,
As if with joyous drinking.

A word — it was but a word,

Yet on my heart's hush'd hearing
It fell with a quick glad start,
And shook it with hopes and fearing.

A kiss — a long heart's kiss,

And I — I knew not whether
I breathed earth's air or heaven's,
As our hot lips clung together.

A kiss — a last wild kiss,

A kiss, how wild with sorrow!
And does it all end in this,
In a night that knows no morrow!

THE WRECKED HOPE.

THERE 's a low soft song in a chamber,
 Where sits, in the darkening room,
 A young wife, lulling her babe to rest,
 Scarce seen in the deepening gloom ;
 And her song to her babe is telling
 How in hope and in joy she sees
 The white sails homeward swelling
 To the strain of a favouring breeze,
 The good ship bearing its father home
 From the far wild southern seas.

There 's a dim drear moon careering
 Through the dark grim clouds on high,
 And a waste of billows tossing
 Beneath the stormy sky,
 And a wave-wash'd form upheaving
 At times to the moon's wan gleams,
 Around which the wild sea rages,
 And the grey gull wheels and screams :
 And the form is his of whose safe return
 A far his young wife dreams.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN !

FRIENDLY HINTS TO TRANSATLANTIC FRIENDS.

BROTHERS, with all you boast of so,
 So much in love I am,
 At times republican I grow,
 Then, " Long live Uncle Sam !"

But when of Uncle Tom I think,
And what slave-auctions mean,
Again to loyalty I shrink;
'Tis then, " God save the Queen !"

Let a Crimean campaign come,
All Yankee straight I am,
I darn our lords and lordlings some,
Then, " Long live Uncle Sam !"
But when I think of Kansas, friends,
And all, her judges screen,
Good faith ! my Yankee fever ends;
Ah, then, " God save the Queen !"

When I think what Court spangles cost,
And Court tom-fooleries damn,
My rage for thrones is somewhat lost,
Then, " Long live Uncle Sam !"
But when I think what Presidents,
And White House contests mean,
My scorn of Courts somewhat relents;
'Tis then, " God save the Queen !"

When, darn them ! tax-collectors call,
Straight off in thought I am,
U. S. will free me from them all,
So, " Long live Uncle Sam !"
But when I think of bowie-knives,
And what revolvers mean,
And feel I've not a hundred lives,
Ah, then, " God save the Queen !"

At times, of Marquis, Duke, and Earl,
So sick and tired I am,
Hard words at all the tribe I hurl,
Yes, "Long live Uncle Sam!"
But when I think, by titles bored,
You, too, do somewhat lean
To such things — Sam, you love a lord,
Well, well, "God save the Queen!"

Often, by old-time fooleries fired,
Game-laws and all I damn,
Of church, church-rates, and church-courts tired,
Ah, "Long live Uncle Sam!"
But when I think of Lynch, the judge,
And what his verdicts mean,
Ah, back to loyalty I budge,
Yes, then, "God save the Queen!"

When, startled by the mighty pace
At which you move, I am,
While we seem lagging in the race,
Then, "Long live Uncle Sam!"
But when I think your wondrous growth
More slaves and chains may mean,
To be a Yankee straight I'm loth,
Ah, then, "God save the Queen!"

God bless them! Vanguards of the free,
In wrath at times I am
With both, but proud I guess we be
Of you, O Uncle Sam!

And you, we know your noise and fuss
At us, but love can mean,
I've heard you cry at times with us,
Yes, Sam, " God save the Queen!"

I'VE WATCHED YOU FROM THE SHORE.

I've watched you from the shore,
And I've watched you to the ship,
With a quick tear in the eye,
And a quiver on the lip;
And distance hides at last,
From where, cold and still, I stand,
The last gaze of your shoreward look,
And the last wave of your hand.

You've shed the latest tear
That my cheek will ever wet,
And, in their latest kiss,
Our parted lips have met;
And, it's O that I could die,
To think, as here I stand,
I shall never hear your voice again,
Nor again shall clasp your hand!

OVER THE SEA.

Over the sea — over the sea —
O but my heart is over the sea!

Northern wind, northern wind, O might I be
Borne on thy shrilling blast
Over the sea !

Over the sea — over the sea,
O but her heart is over the sea !
Northward the white sails go; northward to me
O but she longs to fly
Over the sea !

OPE, FOLDED ROSE !

Ope, folded rose !
Longs for thy beauty the expectant air;
Longs every silken breeze that round thee blows;
The watching summer longs to vaunt thee fair;
Ope, folded rose !

Ope, folded rose !
The memory of thy glory lit the gloom,
The dull gray gloom of winter and its snows;
O dream of summer in the firelit room,
Ope, folded rose !

Ope, folded rose !
The thrush has still'd the rustling elm with song;
The cuckoo's call through shadowy woodlands goes;
May is the morn; why lingerest thou so long !
Ope, folded rose !

WISHES.

ON Bramshill's terrace walks Lady Clare;
 O were I the purple peacock there,
 That's petted and smooth'd by her hand so fair !

Lady Clare strolls through Bramshill's grounds;
 O were I one of those white greyhounds
 That, patted by her, break off in bounds !

O happy falcon! O might I stand,
 Hooded and jess'd, on Lady Clare's hand,
 To stoop at the heron at her command !

In Bramshill's chamber a cage is hung;
 O that to its gilded perch I clung,
 To be coax'd by her as I scream'd and swung !

O were I the silver cross, so blest !
 In Bramshill's chapel, devoutly press'd
 By Lady Clare to her heaving breast !

But, ah ! that I were the locket of pearl
 In her bosom hid ! or, more blest, the curl
 It treasures ! O prized love-gage of the Earl !

Ride on, O Earl, by her palfrey's side !
 O that I by Lady Clare might ride !
 That she were to be, O Earl, my bride !

A SUMMER INVOCATION.

O GENTLE, gentle summer rain,
 Let not the silver lily pine,
 The drooping lily pine in vain
 To feel that dewy touch of thine,
 To drink thy freshness once again,
 O gentle, gentle summer rain.

In heat, the landscape quivering lies;
 The cattle pant beneath the tree;
 Through parching air and purple skies,
 The earth looks up in vain for thee:
 For thee, for thee, it looks in vain,
 O gentle, gentle summer rain.

Come thou, and brim the meadow streams,
 And soften all the hills with mist;
 O falling dew, from burning dreams,
 By thee shall herb and flower be kiss'd:
 And earth shall bless thee yet again,
 O gentle, gentle summer rain.

 MARY! MARY!

THE grass is long above thy breast;
 The clay is o'er thy head;
 I'm lying on thy early grave,
 Yet cannot think thee dead:
 I cannot think that from my love
 Thou art for ever fled,

Mary! Mary!

Thou hear'st my sobs — the groans uncheck'd,
I utter for thy sake;
Alas ! I dream a weary dream,
From which I cannot break —
A ghastly dream — a fearful dream;
And shall I never wake,

Mary ! Mary !

No more ! to hear thy voice no more !
No more thy smile to see !
In groans I've said it o'er and o'er,
Yet cannot think 'twill be.
How can I think that thou art gone,
For ever gone from me,

Mary ! Mary !

Through life to live without thy love !
To live, and live alone !
Till now that thou indeed art gone,
It was a thought unknown.
How could I dream of losing thee,
My own — my fond — my own —
Mary ! Mary !

Why art thou taken from my love !
O Heaven ! what sin is mine,
That thus in the full flush of life
Thou should'st our lives untwine !
That thus, so early, ere her time,
Thou, Heaven, should'st make her thine ?
Mary ! Mary !

My name was ever on thy lips
When life was ebbing fast;
The thought of me was with thee, love,
The dearest and the last,
O tell me, in the dark, cold grave,
From thee it hath not pass'd,
Mary! Mary!

Was it for this I left thee, love,
For many a weary year,
In care to struggle on to wealth,
That but for thee was dear,
In joy at last to seek thee, love,
And find thee lying here,
Mary! Mary!

Hear me, thou hope — thou only joy,
Thou one dream of my heart!
Death sunders only to rejoin;
Whate'er, where'er thou art,
Hear thou the voice of my despair,
Not long — not long we part,
Mary! Mary!

THE FORSAKEN.

It's there that she loves to sit,
By the cool sea-breezes fann'd,
With her babe 'neath the bending palms
That shadow that island strand.

Her dusky brow has a calm
Too deep for a face so young;
And too wildly, sadly sweet
Are the songs to her infant sung.

And there, through the weary day,
She keeps from that lonely shore
Her watch o'er the distant sea,
For a sail that will come no more.

THE HOMEWARD WATCH.

THE sailor the deck is pacing,
And he hums a rough old song,
Bearing north from its southern whaling,
As the good ship drives along;
And his thoughts with hope are swelling,
For his watch it well may cheer,
To know that at last he speeds to her
He has left for many a year.

And she, in the darken'd chamber
Where day is turn'd to night,
By the candle dimly lighted,
She lies in her shroud of white;
Closed eye, and cold, cold cheek;
The slumber of death sleeps she,
Of meeting with whom he's dreaming
In his homeward watch at sea.

NO MORE!

O God! how often memory tries,
 O God! how oft in vain,
 Once more to look on those dear eyes
 Mine may not see again!
 A dim sweet glance, half lost, half seen,
 Remembrance may restore,
 The tears — the passion that have been,
 No more they come — no more,
 Lizzie,
 O Lizzie, never more!

I close my eyes; O once that face,
 But once again to see!
 It comes; how cold! no — not a trace
 Of all that used to be!
 O weary day! O wakeful night!
 That vanish'd face restore!
 Gone — gone for ever from my sight,
 No more it comes — no more,
 Lizzie,
 O Lizzie, never more!

PRITHEE WHAT HATH SNARED THEE, HEART?

PRITHEE what hath snared thee, Heart?
 Is it, say, a honeyed lip
 O'er whose coral bloom thy thought,
 Bee-like hovering, hath been caught,
 And, but loitering there to sip,

From its sweetness could not part ?
Prithee what hath snared thee, Heart ?

What hath caught thee, Fancy mine ?
Is it, say, a laughing eye,
The fair heaven of whose blue
Idly thou went'st wandering through
Till thou, silly butterfly,
Could'st not quit its charm'd sunshine ?
What hath caught thee, Fancy mine ?

What hath witch'd thee, sober Thought ?
Say, was it a diamond wit
That, as thou wast straying near,
With its spells so took thine ear
That thou could'st not fly from it,
All in strange enchantment caught ?
What hath witch'd thee, sober Thought ?

No, though lip and wit, awhile,
And the glory of an eye,
You, perchance had captive held,
Soon their charms you back had spell'd,
Soon their witchery learn'd to fly ;
Prisoners to her smile ye be ;
What from that shall set you free ?

O WEARY THOUGHTS, BE STILL!

O WEARY, weary thoughts, be still !

O life — why should life be

A thing for only vain regrets

And bitterness to me !

For love to give or to withhold,

Is all our power above ;

O fate, why did we ever meet !

Why ever did we love !

If love were sin, to sin or not

Was all beyond our will.

Alas, why should my life be grief !

O weary thoughts, be still !

A hard, hard lot, I know is mine

Of work and want and scorn ;

And yet with what a gladness all

With him I could have borne ?

With him, what fate had I not shared,

Content, that life had given !

With him, with what of pain and want

Had I not tearless striven !

O why should love, so blessing some,

My days with misery fill !

Alas, why should I long to die !

O weary thoughts, be still !

Who say, not all the wealth of earth

Can happiness impart ?

Alas, how little do they know

How want can break a heart !

How want has stood 'twixt sunder'd lives,
Lives parted through the shame,
That station, wedding poverty,
Had link'd unto its name,
O God, what different life were mine
If it had been thy will
My lot with his had equal been!
O weary thoughts, be still!

Another with his love is bless'd;
I am another's now;
Between us yawns for evermore
A double holy vow;
But years must deeper changes bring
Than change of state or name,
Ere, early love and thoughts forgot,
Our hearts are not the same.
Alas, the feelings of the past
Our lives must ever fill!
O would — O would I could forget!
O weary thoughts, be still!

I know — I know, to think of him
As once I thought is sin,
But all in vain I strive my mind
From its old thoughts to win;
His treasured words — his low fond tones
My eyes with tears will dim;
My thoughts by day — my dreams by night
Will fill themselves with him;

O WEARY THOUGHTS, BE STILL !

And what we were, and what we are,
Comes back, do all I will.
Alas, why did I ever live !
O weary thoughts, be still !

There's love within my husband's looks
That I with joy should see;
Alas, it brings another face
That once looked love on me!
And tears will even dim my gaze
Upon my baby's face,
As not a look I see it wear
That there I'd thought to trace.
O why should thus the joys of life
With grief mine only fill !
Alas, why did I ever live !
O weary thoughts, be still !

O men ! O men ! God never will'd
That lives, that nature meant
To bless each other's days, by you
Asunder should be rent.
A deadly sin he surely holds
The worldly thoughts that part,
For chance of birth or chance of wealth,
A heart from any heart.
World, world, thou crossest God, his earth
With broken hearts to fill.
Alas, how blest might ours have been !
O weary thoughts, be still !

MAY-DAY SONG.

Out from cities haste away,
 This is Earth's great holiday;
 Who can labour while the hours
 In with songs are bringing May
 Through the gaze of buds and flowers,
 Through the golden pomp of day !

Haste, O haste !

'Tis sin to waste

In dull work so sweet a time,

Dance and song

Of right belong

To the hours of Spring's sweet prime.
 Golden beams and shadows brown,
 Where the roofs of knotted trees
 Fling a pleasant coolness down,
 Footing it, the young May sees.
 In their dance the breezes now
 Dimple every pond you pass ;
 Shades of leaves, from every bough
 Leaping, beat the dappled grass.
 Birds are noisy — bees are humming
 All because the May's a coming ;
 All the tongues of nature shout —
 Out from towns, from cities out !
 Out from every busy street !
 Out from every darken'd court !
 Through the field-paths let your feet
 Lingering go in pleasant thought !

Out through dells the violet's haunting!
Out where golden rivers run!
Where the wallflower's gaily flaunting
In the livery of the sun!
Trip it through the shadows, hiding
Down in hollow winding lanes!
Where through leaves the sunshine gliding
Deep with gold the woodland stains!
Where, in all her pomp of weeds,
Nature, asking but the thanks
Of our pleasure, richly pranks
Painted heaths and wayside banks,
Smooth-mown lawns and green deep meads!
Leave the noisy bustling town
For still glade and breezy down!
Haste away
To meet the May,
This is Earth's great holiday!

THE TORCH-RACE.

FLASH on the torch, bright as it shone
Ere Athens, foremost in the race,
Athens, so swift who bore it on,
Exhausted, gave to Sparta place;
Fierce flamed it in that iron clasp,
In Thebes' free hold how next it shone!
Then Greece resign'd it from her grasp;
On — flash the torch of freedom on!

Then she, the savage she-wolf found,
Who by the Tiber made her lair,
Caught the bright glory with a bound,
And, shouting, whirl'd it on through air;
Through trembling nations on she pass'd,
Till on the North the splendour shone,
That tore it from her grasp at last;
On — flash the torch of freedom on !

Then, feebly borne, it flickering kept
Its wavering course till Milan came
To glorious youth, and forward leapt,
And toss'd along the living flame;
Nor, of Italia's daughters, sole
Was she on whose fair form it shone;
Fair Florence swept it towards the goal.
On — flash the torch of freedom on !

Then fiery Ghent the splendour flash'd
Red onward through the night around;
On with its glare Helvetia dash'd
From fierce Morgarten, bound on bound;
From Spain's fell grasp, free Holland burst;
On Leyden's deluged walls it shone;
It glared where Haarlem dared war's worst.
On — flash the torch of freedom on !

Then England, with a mighty cry,
A cry that through the earth still rings,
Caught the bright splendour, whirl'd it high,
And flamed it in the eyes of kings;

Trembling, earth's tyrants heard her shout;
On Naseby's ranks the fierce glare shone;
It flared along the Boyne's red rout;
On — flash the torch of freedom on!

Thrice, fiery France, through shriek and yell,
Right on the streaming glory bore;
Thrice from her gory grasp it fell,
Her grip that strains for it once more.
How Belgium seized it, fame can tell;
How from Sardinia's hold it's shone,
The night of Italy knows well.
On — flash the torch of freedom on!

And thou, O Anak of the West,
Thou who hast full-grown sprung to birth,
Young giant, how shalt thou be blest
To stream its glory round the earth!
Thou great one, sprung from this great land,
Long from our grasp its splendour's shone;
Thou hast its glory from our hand.
On — flash the torch of freedom on!

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

O don't go in to-night, John!
Now, husband, don't go in!
To spend our only shilling, John,
Would be a cruel sin.

There's not a loaf at home, John ;
There's not a coal, you know ;
Though with hunger I am faint, John,
And cold comes down the snow.
Then don't go in to-night!

Ah, John, you must remember,
And, John, I can't forget,
When never foot of yours, John,
Was in the alehouse set.
Ah, those were happy times, John,
No quarrels then we knew,
And none were happier in our lane,
Than I, dear John, and you.
Then don't go in to-night!

You will not go! John, John, I mind,
When we were courting, few
Had arm as strong or step as firm
Or cheek as red as you:
But drink has stolen your strength, John,
And paled your cheek to white,
Has tottering made your young firm tread,
And bow'd your manly height.
You'll not go in to-night!

You'll not go in? Think on the day
That made me, John, your wife,
What pleasant talk that day we had
Of all our future life!

Of how your steady earnings, John,
No wasting should consume,
But weekly some new comfort bring
To deck our happy room.
Then don't go in to-night!

To see us, John, as then we dress'd,
So tidy, clean, and neat,
Brought out all eyes to follow us
As we went down the street.
Ah, little thought our neighbours then,
And we as little thought,
That ever, John, to rags like these
By drink we should be brought.
You won't go in to-night!

And will you go? If not for me,
Yet for your baby stay!
You know, John, not a taste of food
Has pass'd my lips to-day;
And tell your father, little one,
'Tis mine your life hangs on;
You will not spend the shilling, John?
You'll give it him? Come, John,
Come home with us to-night!

DRAW DOWN YOUR VEIL.

DRAW down your veil;
 Those laughing eyes
 Must only tell
 To mine the tale
 Their bright replies
 Can glance so well !

Have I to learn,
 Pout not your lip!
 How some you meet
 Will backward turn,
 To watch you trip
 Along the street !

Nay, you and I
 Could doubtless tell
 How once those eyes,
 As one went by,
 To his, too well
 Laugh'd sweet replies.

LISETTE IN AUSTRALIA.

THEY say that, while here, Liz,
 Our winter we know,
 The skies of your far land
 With bright summer glow ;

That June's blushing roses
For you, love, appear,
While bloomless December
And frosts chill us here;
So still may kind fate, love,
My heart's fond will do,
To me give the winter,
The summer to you.

Yes, if both our paths, Liz,
May not feel the sun,
If gloom be for one, Liz,
And light but for one,
If but one through sunshine
And roses must go,
One, fortune's bleak blasts still
Be doom'd, Liz, to know:
Oh! still may kind fate, love,
My heart's fond will do,
To me give the grief, Liz,
The gladness to you!

PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER.

JULY 18TH, 1857.

THE King of Song is dead;
People, upon that throne
Whose words all hearts obey'd,
To-day death sits alone!

Yes; he who, like to death,
From kings rent throne and crown,
To-day yields up his breath,
Himself by death struck down.
People, no tear need start;
By France his songs are sung;
He lives in every heart;
He speaks from every tongue.

No—no; he cannot die;
Still lives that matchless voice,
With sorrow still to sigh,
With laughter to rejoice.
Poor girl, the needle ply,
His voice your work shall cheer;
Workman, your long hours fly,
His kindly words you hear.
People, no tear need start;
By France his songs are sung;
He lives in every heart;
He speaks from every tongue.

What garret but shall tell
How dear to its grisette
Is all he sang so well,
Of love and his Lisette?
You hear that jolly shout;
There, where those students dine,
His wit they thunder out,
As mad with song as wine.

People, no tear need start;
By France his songs are sung;
He lives in every heart;
He speaks from every tongue.

Speeding the weary plough,
"The People's Memories" comes;
Hark, "The Old Corporal" now
On guard that soldier hums;
List! with his "Garret" gay,
That clanging smithy rings;
Whiling his watch away,
His "Jaques" the sailor sings.
People, no tear need start;
By France his songs are sung;
He lives in every heart;
He speaks from every tongue.

There prowls the listening spy;
Ah! "Judas" dogs him still;
There steals the Jesuit sly,
Song-mock'd, go where he will;
Tyrants and tyrants' tools,
His songs their work still do;
He lives still, knaves and fools,
To scourge and scoff at you.
People, no tear need start;
By France his songs are sung;
He lives in every heart;
He speaks from every tongue.

People, he claims your rights;
People, he tells your wrongs;
Still in your ranks he fights,
Immortal in his songs;
What Freedom dares not say,
Your tyrant hears her sing;
Hark ! with his songs to-day
Workshop and winehouse ring.
People, no tear need start;
By France his songs are sung;
He lives in every heart;
He speaks from every tongue.

Frenchmen, he lived for you;
Through evil and through good,
To France and Frenchmen true,
Still for your rights he stood.
For this, to France how dear !
Dear and more dear to fame,
With every coming year,
Shall be his matchless name.
People, no tear need start;
By France his songs are sung;
He lives in every heart;
He speaks from every tongue.

Courts, and all courts could give,
Tempted, he dared to scorn;
Tempted, he dared to live
As poor as he was born.

For fetter'd France to sing,
He dared the prisoner's doom;
Therefore shall France still bring
Immortelles to his tomb.
People, no tear need start;
By France his songs are sung;
He lives in every heart;
He speaks from every tongue.

Wider, O France, than e'er
His "Greycoat's" eagles flew,
Conqueror, he comes to share
His glory, France, with you;
Circling the glad earth round,
His fame to heaven is hurl'd;
His empire without bound,
His realm a subject world.
People, no tear need start;
By earth his songs are sung;
He lives in every heart;
He speaks from every tongue.

NO—NO—MY LOVE IS NO ROSE.

No—no—my love is no rose
That only in sunshine buds and grows
And but to blue skies will its blooms uncloze,
That withers away
In an autumn day,
And dies in a dream of drifting snows;
No—no—my love is no rose.

No—no—my love is no rose;
My love is the holly that ever is green,
Whether breezes are balmy, or blasts are keen;
The same that is still,
In days sullen and chill,
As when snow'd with blossoms the orchards are seen;
No—no—my love is no rose.

GOD'S BEST GIFT.

COME, fill—fill to the toast
To which my glass I lift;
Here's "She we love the most,"
Here's "Woman—God's best gift."
O who, beloved by her,
Who will not gladly own,
Life, O what rapture were,
Though bless'd with her alone!
Then who'll not drink the toast
To which my glass I lift?
Here's "She we love the most,"
Here's "Woman—God's best gift."

The heathens feign'd that he
Who stole from heaven its flame,
Foretold all woes would be
When sweet Pandora came;
But all his wisdom taught,
Thank Heaven! it taught in vain;
She to man's heart was caught,
And ne'er released again.

And who'll not drink the toast
To which my glass I lift ?
Here's " She we love the most,"
Here's " Woman — God's best gift."

In Paradise, man found
His lot not wholly bless'd,
Until its blissful ground
Dear woman's footsteps press'd;
God's mercy how he bless'd
When forced its bliss to leave !
He Eden still possess'd
While with him went his Eve.
Then who'll not drink the toast
To which my glass I lift ?
Here's " She we love the most,"
Here's " Woman — God's best gift."

And still the curse she takes
From man; for she alone
With her dear presence makes
An Eden still his own;
Oh, what were this life worth,
How poor and dull it were,
Unless the weary earth
Were made a heaven by her !
Then who'll not drink the toast
To which my glass I lift ?
Here's " She we love the most,"
Here's " Woman — God's best gift."

SONG.

WERE mine the songs Anacreon sung,
 Were mine Catullus' burning pen,
 Or Dante's dreams, or Petrarch's tongue:
 How, dearest, would I sing thee then !
 Nor Lesbia's lips, nor Laura's eyes,
 Nor Beatrice's gaze divine,
 Not one sweet charm the world should prize
 More than it prized those charms of thine.

Oh, love, for Goethe's matchless grace !
 Oh, love, for Byron's words of flame !
 Then thine by Lili's fame I'd place;
 With Athens' maid's should live thy name.
 Oh could I sing such songs as sprung
 From Burns's heart — Béranger's brain,
 With Jean and Liz shouldst thou be sung
 While songs upon men's lips remain.

How weak am I thy charms to paint !
 How poor the colours words supply !
 Even as I use them, wan and faint,
 I see thy beauty from them die.
 Love laughs, and mocks, and shrills: " Why try
 " To paint the charms thy words but blur ?
 " Thou hast herself; in vain, ah! why
 " Waste time to win a dream of her !"

WHY ?

WE love, we know not why;

“Why ?” would reason know?

What can we reply,

But “O Love, ’tis so !”

A moment — we are free;

A moment — some sweet eyes

Have fill’d our hearts with burning hopes,

Our future with sad sighs.

“Why ?” would reason know?

What must each reply ?

“Fate has will’d it so;

“Not I, in truth, not I.”

But two short years ago,

Said I, “Is there need,

“If his frowns, love, show,

“I his frowns should heed ?”

I laugh’d, and lightly thought

Of all the boy could do;

A moment — I was surely caught:

My heart was gone to you.

“Why ?” would reason know?

Can I but reply:

“Fate has will’d it so;

“Not I, in truth, not I.”

And do I, in the snare,

Cry and cry in vain,

“Eros, hear my prayer !

“Free me yet again ?”

Ah, no: in the sweet past,
Still mine that prayer might be,
But now, O love so changed ! at last,
I would not, love, be free.
“ Why ? ” would reason know?
What must I reply ?
“ Fate has will'd it so;
“ Not I, in truth, not I.”

FOR MUSIC.

HEAR ! hear ! on ye we call,
O joys ! O high delights !
Ye sounds — ye sweetest sights,
We need — we need, ye all ;
Thou Grief — thou Care, be dumb !
Doth not my lady come !

Ope — ope, ye dreaming blooms !
Ye vernal stars, appear !
All charmed airs be near !
Rise — rise, ye faint perfumes !
Thou Grief — thou Care, be dumb !
Doth not my lady come !

THE CRY OF THE LAWFUL LANTERNS.

HUMBLY DEDICATED TO THE OPPONENTS OF NATIONAL EDUCATION.

A PEOPLE dwelt in darkness,
 In gloom and blinding night,
 Till some grew tired of candles
 And dared to long for light,
 When straight the establish'd lanterns
 Were stirr'd with hate of day,
 And loud the lawful rushlights
 In wrath were heard to say,
 O have you not your lanterns,
 Your little shining lanterns!
 What need have you of sunshine?
 What do you want with day?

Then loud the people murmur'd
 And vow'd it wasn't right,
 For men who could get daylight
 To grope about in night;
 Why should they lose the gladness,
 The pleasant sights of day?
 But still the establish'd lanterns
 Continued all to say,
 O have you not your lanterns,
 Your nice old glimmering lanterns!
 What need have you of sunshine?
 What do you want with day?

But people loathed the darkness,
And dared at last to say,
You old establish'd rushlights
Are good things in your way;
But are you, candles, sunlight?
You, lanterns, are you day?
Then loud the lawful lanterns
Did answer make and say,
O be content with lanterns,
Your good old-fashion'd lanterns!
You really want too much light;
Don't ask again for day!

At last the crowd's deep murmur
Grew gathering to a roar,
And that they would have daylight,
In lanterns' spite, they swore;
And fear was on all rushlights,
And trembling and dismay;
Alas, alas for lanterns!
The people heard them say;
O woe — O woe for lanterns!
What will become of lanterns!
Alack, they will have sunshine!
Alas, there will be day!

And as the tempest thicken'd,
Aloud they shriek'd in fright,
O once let in the sunshine,
And what will be our light!

We, shining lights in darkness,
Shall nothing be in day—
O don't admit the sunshine!
Keep out the daylight, pray!
O don't put out your lanterns!
Your own old little lanterns!
O do without the sunshine!
O don't let in the day!

The day came in; but prophets
Do say, 'tis certain quite,
That long through coming ages
Will lanterns hate the light;
That to our children's children,
In sorrow still they'll say,
Oh for the times of darkness
Ere lanterns pass'd away!
Why laid they by us lanterns?
Their fine, their good old lanterns!
We're sure its bad this sunshine,
This horrid glare of day.

FROM SEA.

O it was not for my mother,
Though dear she is to me,
Though old she is, and poor she is,
That I sail'd the stormy sea;
But it was for my true love,
That dearer is to me
Than father and than mother both,
'Twas for her I sail'd the sea.

The wind blows fair and freshly,
Right fresh for Harwich bay,
For the cottage on its sandy cliff
That I think of night and day,
That I think of, and I dream of,
And have dreamt of night and day.
In calm and storm, and south the line,
A thousand leagues away.

Now, watch, look out to leeward;
The land must sure be near;
There looms the Cape through the morning mist,
That I've long'd to see appear;
To see it rising from the waves,
For it shields the quiet bay,
Upon whose cliffs the cottage stands
That I've pray'd for far away.

Now, men, the sails be furling;
Now let the anchor go;
At our brown ship's side, let our best boat ride,
And the oars be shipp'd below;
And while the rope you're casting off,
Take in my chest and me;
So farewell, blustering captain,
And farewell, roaring sea.

Now pull—pull with a will—boys,
And beach right high the boat,
For dear, dear is the land to me,
That have toss'd so long afloat;

And dear, dear is the girl to me,
With each breath loved more and more,
Yon girl whose brown hand shades her eyes,
To see us pull ashore.

She shades her eyes a moment;
O that the beach were near!
Does she see my torn hat waving?
Does she catch my cry from here?
Yes; down the cliff she's flying;
Pull — pull, my men, for life,
That I may kiss again my girl,
My bonny, bonny wife.

FAREWELL! FAREWELL!

FAREWELL! farewell! the breeze blows fair;
One wild embrace — one last fond kiss;
All other griefs I well may dare;
What other grief can equal this!
Yet in this bitter hour, while all
That tears can weep is mine and thine;
One thought 'mid all can joy recall;
Where'er thou go'st, thy heart is mine!

Cling to these clinging lips again!
O life is in our mingling breath!
Thus — thus to meet defies all pain,
But, oh! to part is more than death;

Yet, even while myself I tear
From out this last dear clasp of thine,
With one fond thought I front despair;
Where'er thou go'st, thy heart is mine.

O God! and must I yearn to see
The gaze of those dear eyes in vain!
And must those lips no more by me,
O nevermore, be press'd again!
From that dark thought, I, shuddering, shrink,
O when these eyes no more meet thine,
What — what were life, could I not think,
Where'er thou go'st, thy heart is mine!

BE MINE, AND I WILL GIVE THY NAME.

Be mine, and I will give thy name
To Memory's care,
So well, that it shall breathe, with fame,
Immortal air,
That time and change and death shall be
Scorn'd by the life I give to thee.

I will not, like the sculptor, trust
Thy shape to stone,
That, years shall crumble into dust,
Its form unknown;
No — the white statue's life shall be
Short, to the life I'll give to thee.

Not to the canvas worms may fret
 Thy charms I'll give;
 Soon shall the world those charms forget,
 If there they live;
 The life that colours lend shall be
 Poor to the life I'll give to thee.

For thou shalt live, defying time,
 And mocking death,
 In music on — O life sublime!
 A nation's breath;
 Love, in a people's songs shall be
 The eternal life I'll give to thee.

THE DAISY.

O KATE, 'tis the sweetest of daisies;
 I open the book where it lies;
 What dear distant moments it raises,
 Green meadows and far summer skies!
 Again down the green lane are walking
 A couple; guess who they may be!
 A daisy one drops in her talking —
 That daisy is here, Kate, with me.

Now, heaven be thank'd for its falling,
 And thank'd, that I mark'd where it lay;
 Though wither'd and dead, 'tis recalling
 The whispers and laughs of that day.

I have but to look, Kate, upon it,
I 'm sitting with you on that stile,
I hear your sweet tongue, blessings on it!
And drink in the light of your smile.

Then think, how my throbbing heart prizes
These leaves, at whose bidding, again
Before me your far-off form rises,
Your face comes, how longed-for in vain!
O dearest of flowers! what a treasure
Of old smiles and tones you restore!
Of days that flash'd by, with what pleasure!
With her I shall never see more!

A SEA SONG.

THE windows rattle in their frames ;
Without, the wild winds moan,
And fitful leap the red fire's flames,
As that young wife sits alone ;
As she rocks her baby boy to sleep,
And sings to the winds as by they sweep,
"His home-bound sails, O fair winds, track,
"That he his boy may see!
"Blow — blow, sweet winds, and speed him back
"To baby dear and me!"

Through a cloudy sky the gale blows high,
And the schooner leaps along,
And the captain seems, as the winds howl by,
To hear in the gusts a song;

As foaming past the surges fly,
He seems to hear a song go by,
"His home-bound sails, O fair winds, track,
 "That he his boy may see!
"Blow — blow, sweet winds, and speed him back
 "To baby dear and me!"

AFTER BÉRANGER.

LIZZIE, one blue summer's day,
 Dreaming, with a laughing awe,
All the little Loves at play
 On the flowery earth, I saw;
Then you pass'd, and straight each freak,
 Liz, was stay'd; with wild delight,
Swift your neck I saw them seek,
 Liz, as they their mother's might;
You, for her, they took, and flew,
 Cheated urchins, Liz, to you.

Sweetest, to their childish eyes,
 You their own dear mother seem'd;
Nor, methought, did it surprise
 Me, that you they Venus deem'd;
Why, unto my full-grown sight,
 Liz, I find it hard to prove,
You are not the Gods' delight,
 Her who every heart can move;
Can I wonder then, they flew,
 Cheated urchins, Liz, to you!

Lizzie, you, were I to see
In Olympus, Cypris' home,
Surely there you were to me
Her who rose from ocean's foam!
And were Venus to forsake
Heaven for earth, how like it is,
Cheated too, I should mistake
Venus' self for you, my Liz,
Thinking, as to her I flew,
That, my girl, I sprang to you!

IN DREAMS I CLASP YOU ONCE AGAIN.

In dreams I clasp you once again;
In dreams again I see you smile;
O blest deceit! alas! how vain!
Day comes and will no more beguile
My fancy with the fond belief;
I wake to memory and to grief.

O sleep — O night — O pictured past,
That thus it might for ever be!
That night and sleep might ever last,
And ever give the past to me!
O love — O joy, for ever stay,
Nor fade to grief and gloom and day!

Yet death shall come, O doubt it not!
And to us, love, it shall be given
To taste, earth's sorrows all forgot,
The old lost hours again in heaven,
In days of ever new delight
That know no dreams and need no night.

RING, HAPPY BELLS!

RING out, O pealing bells;
Your clamour our gladness tells;
Sweet May — sweet May is wed to-day;
Ring out, O joyful bells!

Not — not in the dark deep sea,
As they whisper'd long, slept he,
Not cold and dead; to him she is wed
She never more thought to see.

That weary dream is past —
Wild sea, and wave-wash'd mast —
The o'erturn'd boat, and the dead, afloat,
To the rocks of the drear shore cast.

Young hands, with your sweetest showers,
Your brightest of garden flowers,
Strew — strew ye the way that she'll tread to-day,
This glad sweet bride of ours.

Ring out — ring out, ye bells!
Your clamour our gladness tells;
From your old gray tower, for her bridal hour,
Ring out — ring out, ye bells!

SPRING SONG.

Now do tawny bees, along,
 Plundering sweets from blossoms, hum;
 Now do showers of joyous song
 Down from larks, up-mounting, come;
 Everything
 Now doth sing,
 Welcome gladness — welcome Spring!

Now, above, and all around,
 Songs are thronging earth and air:
 Joy is loud in every sound;
 Every sound is mocking care;
 Everything
 Now doth sing,
 Welcome gladness — welcome Spring!

Now is every hawthorn-bough
 Burden'd with its wealth of May;
 Glistening runs each streamlet now,
 Gamboling through the golden day;
 Fount and spring,
 Hark! they sing,
 Welcome sunshine — welcome Spring!

Now do golden lizards lie,
 Sunning them, on wayside banks;
 Now, with flowers of many a dye,
 Spring the woods and meadows pranks;
 What say they?
 This they say,
 Welcome gladness — welcome May!

THE DRESSMAKER'S THRUSH.

Now do those, in joy that walk
 Shadow'd wood and chequer'd lane,
 Stay their steps, and hush their talk,
 Till the cuckoo calls again;
 Till anew,
 Hush! cuckoo,
 Hark! it comes the wood-depths through.

Now the woods are starr'd with eyes;
 Now, their weeds and mosses through,
 Peep the white anemonies,
 Daisies pink'd, and violets blue;
 Flowers, they spring;
 Birds, they sing,
 All to swell the pomp of Spring.

Now, in poets' songs 'tis told,
 How, in vales of Arcady,
 Once, men knew an age of gold;
 Once, the earth seem'd heaven to be;
 Hark! they sing,
 "Years, ye bring,
 "Golden times again with Spring."

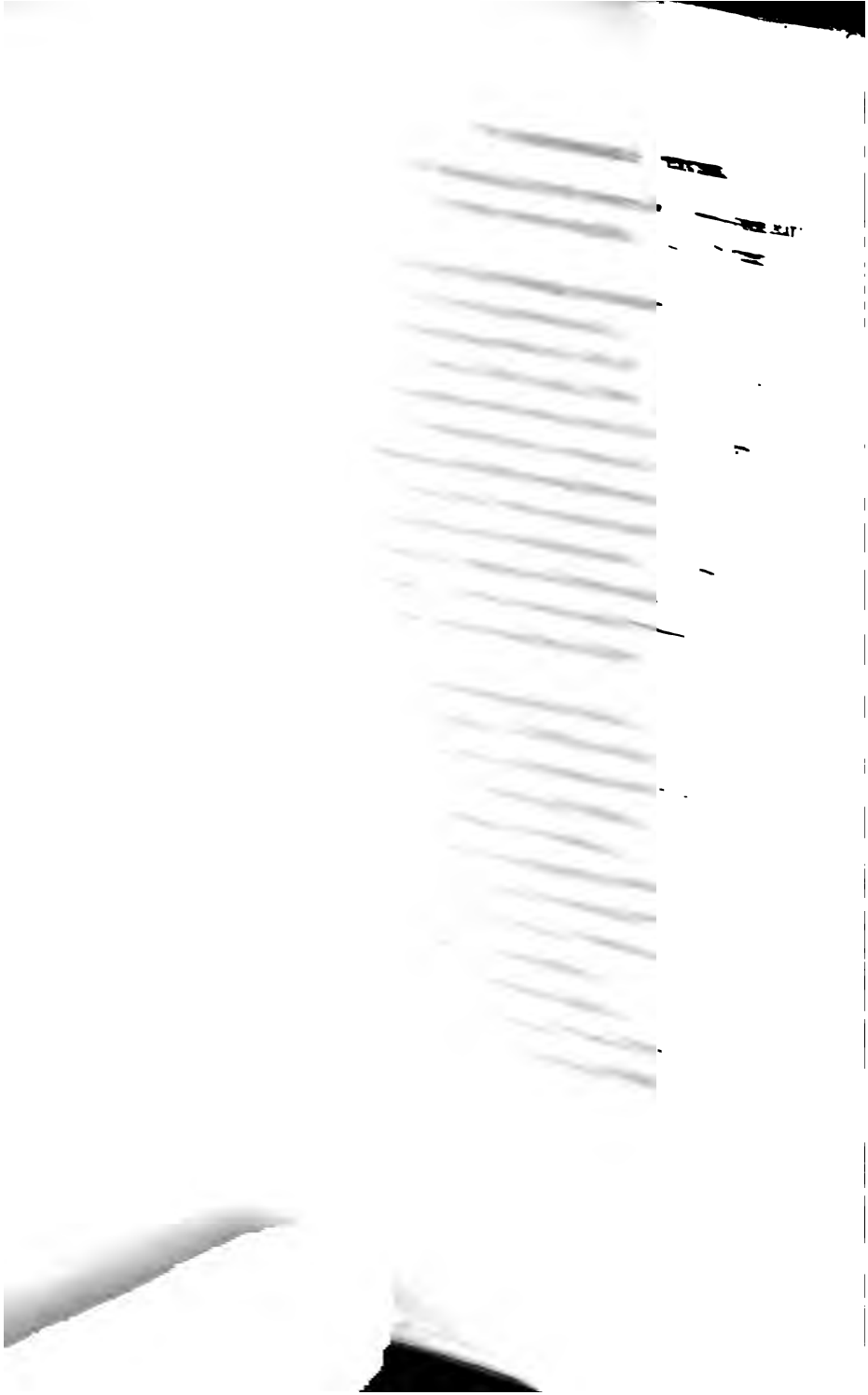
THE DRESSMAKER'S THRUSH.

Oh, 'tis the brightest morning
 Out in the laughing street,
 That ever the round earth flash'd into,
 The joy of May to meet!

Floods of more gleaming sunshine
Never the eye saw roll'd
Over pavement, and chimney, and cold grey spire
That turns in the light to gold;
And yet, as she wearily stitches,
She hears her caged thrush sing,
"O would it never were May — green May!
"It never were bright, bright Spring!"

Light of the new-born verdure!
Glory of jocund May!
What gladness is out in leafy lanes!
What joy in the fields, to-day!
What sunbursts are in the woodlands!
What blossoms the orchards throng!
The meadows are snow'd with daisy stars,
And the winds are thrill'd with song;
And yet, as ever she stitches,
She hears her caged thrush sing,
"Oh would it never were May — green May!
"It never were bright, bright Spring!"

Close is the court and darken'd,
On which her bare room looks,
Whose only wealth is its wall's one print,
And its mantel's few old books;
Her spare cold bed in the corner,
Her single, worn, worn chair,
And the grate that looks so rusty and dull,
As never a fire were there;
And there, as she stitches and stitches,
She hears her caged thrush sing,



RAVEN-BLACK ARE AMY'S TANGLING TRESSES.

RAVEN-BLACK are Amy's tangling tresses;
 Passion-lit are Mary's dark deep eyes;
 O how dear are laughing Kate's caresses!
 O how sweet are Helen's low replies!
 But my heart breaks lightly from their snaring;
 Vainly, for its love, their love may call;
 While, for yours, O girl, alone 'tis caring,
 You, O girl, how fairer far than all!

Once, at Jessie's feet Love threw me sighing;
 Once, 'twas Alice haunted all my dreams;
 To my fancy, love, there's no denying,
 Jane once seem'd more fair than now she seems;
 Spells have all that, ah! well might have caught me,
 That might well a wayward heart recall;
 Mine they lure no more, since Love has taught me
 How far fairer you are, girl, than all.

No — a rebel to their sovereign ruling,
 I no more at their sweet shrines adore;
 To their rites, they other hearts are schooling;
 Mine is lost to theirs for evermore.
 From their altars other incense rises;
 At their feet, new worshippers may fall;
 Girl, at last, my fancy only prizes
 Your sweet smile, how dearer far than all!

Still

pentecost

in answer

sympathy

(joyful)

in the end

disper'sion

death: (y)

more than

y dream

and new

d host, an

ks of the

ds, with

itest al

v ya the

weet lo

ring

ur on

l gtw

ring

" One dream that, dearest, shall soon be true,
" One form that, my girl, I clasp in you,
" That my own sweet wife shall be."

THE SOWING OF THE DRAGON'S TEETH.

A HINT TO CERTAIN EMPERORS.

JASON once, as legends show,
Dared, O kings, your deed to do;
He, the dragon's teeth, dared sow —
Sow the seed that 's sown by you;
But, with evil striving, he
To a god for aid could look:
Yours must greater perils be;
You, your God long since forsook.
Despots, despots, sow your seed!
Dragon's teeth you sow; what then?
Of your harvest, kings, take heed!
For it rises, armed men.

Hate and wrong, each tyrant flings
Broadcast — hate and wrong alone;
Let them dread the crop that springs,
Soon or late, from what they've sown.
Hate alone from hate shall rise;
Evil still from evil springs.
You have sown but groans and cries;
You shall reap the same, O kings.

Despots, despots, sow your seed!
 Dragon's teeth you sow; what then?
 Of your harvest, kings, take heed!
 For it rises, armed men.

Woe to them that day! Oh, woe!
 When that ghastly crop is born;
 When the truth they then shall know
 Of the warnings now they scorn.
 How in that great judgment-day,
 Lord! thy justice shall be known!
 When the chainless earth shall say,
 "Kings, you reap but as you've sown!"
 Despots, despots, sow your seed!
 Dragon's teeth you sow; what then?
 Of your harvest, kings take heed!
 For it rises, armed men.

NO GAS! NO GAS!

DEDICATED TO ALL ALARMISTS, NOT EXCLUDING GOVERNMENT
 EDUCATIONAL ONES.

ONLY half a century since,
 Fifty years or so,
 Safely, through our London streets
 At night, you could'nt go;
 Oil lamps and Charlies
 Strove with thieves and night;
 The public got the worst of it,
 And called for better light;

When straight a cry was heard,
 " No Popery — no Mass —
 " Our glorious Constitution —
 " No Gas — no Gas !"

" Murdoch, sirs, at Birmingham,
 " Gas has tried," they say;
 " Soho Watt and Boulton
 " Night have turn'd to day;
 " Why be robb'd and murder'd,
 " Stirring out at night?
 " Gas will save us all this —
 " Light — give us light."
 But still there rose the cry,
 " No Popery — no Mass —
 " Our glorious Constitution —
 " No Gas — no Gas !"

" Light !" roared the public:
 Louder still from those
 Living by the darkness,
 Shrieks and howls arose:
 Linkboys and oilmen
 Loud were heard to cry,
 " Have gas, good people !
 " Why, good folks, why ?
 " Oil-lights are bright enough.
 " No Popery — no Mass —
 " Our glorious Constitution —
 " No Gas — no Gas !

" Safety, can you talk of?

" Blind are you quite?

" Gas through our very streets!

" Could we sleep for fright?

" Blowings up — explodings —

" Such would be your fate;

" Streams of fire 'neath us! —

" Bless us, what a state!

" Burnt — blown to shivers!

" Safety! — by the mass,

" Make your bed on Hecla

" Rather than on Gas!

" The Pope 'll come among us;

" He can't come by day;

" Now, if he 'd come by night,

" He couldn't find the way;

" But only light your ways up,

" And see what will befall!

" Some night your gas will show him in

" And he'll convert us all;

" Old lights for ever —

" No Popery — no Mass —

" Oil lamps and darkness —

" No Gas — no Gas!

" Only let the gas in —

" Bring but in the light —

" See what will become of us!

" Nothing will be right;

" Why, the Constitution,
 " We shouldn't wonder at
 " People seeing faults then
 " Even, ay, in that;
 " Gas will give too much light —
 " No Popery — no Mass —
 " Our glorious Constitution —
 " No Gas — no Gas !

" You never think of oilmen —
 " Of link-boys — not you ;
 " Only bring the gas in —
 " They — what will they do !
 " Do away with darkness,
 " With links you do away;
 " Use — what will be their use,
 " When night is turn'd to day?
 " Old lights for ever —
 " No Popery — no Mass —
 " Roar, British Lion, roar —
 " No Gas — no Gas !

" Mind what you're about, pray;
 " Aladdin's folks, you know,
 " Couldn't bear their old lamps,
 " A long while ago:
 " They were mad for new ones,
 " Like yourselves, we're told;
 " 'Twasn't long before they found
 " They'd best have kept their old;

" Oil lights for ever —
 " No Popery — no Mass —
 " Our glorious Constitution —
 " No Gas — no Gas !"

The public heard these croakers,
 Half stupified with fright,
 But at the last they ventured
 To try if they were right;
 No blowings up — no burnings —
 No bursts of flaming streams;
 The Thames wasn't fired —
 All proved but dreams.
 No Pope in London —
 No martyrdoms — no mass —
 No robberies, and, last, no cries
 Of " Gas — no Gas !"

WHEN JOVE THIS EARTH CREATED.

WHEN Jove this earth created,
 Beneath, it lay so fair,
 With love his heart dilated
 For all things breathing there;
 As o'er its beauty wander'd
 His eyes, what more to give,
 The mighty Thunderer ponder'd,
 What joys to all that live.

"Delight be yours!" he mutter'd,
"And, joy, all joys above,"
This, too, the Thunderer utter'd,
"O mortals, yours be love!"

On golden thrones high-seated,
The Gods the Thunderer heard,
And straight their murmurs greeted
Such bliss on man conferr'd.
"If, as to Gods, to mortals
"Love's mighty joys be given,
"Throw wide to man heaven's portals,
"For earth's as blest as heaven!"
So, wroth, the Olympians mutter'd;
So murmur'd all above;
The while the Thunderer utter'd,
"O mortals, yours be love!"

Then Jove, the murmurs hearing
Such bliss for mortals caused,
Olympus' anger fearing,
Awhile, deep-thinking, paused:
"Yes — earth indeed were heaven
"If love undimm'd it knew;
"Be love to mortals given!
"But theirs be sorrow too!
"Take, mortals, take this treasure
"Of bliss, all bliss above!
"But, sorrow link'd to pleasure,
"Still grief be yours with love!"

LOOK INTO THESE FOND EYES.

So, sweet, love's priceless pleasure
Is only bought with fears;
Yet who'd not win the treasure
Of such delight with tears!
No — not to miss all sorrow,
Would I such bliss resign.
Sweet, come what will to-morrow,
To-day, shall love be mine;
And passion's sweet hours living,
We'll bless the powers above,
Who, sorrow to us giving,
Still bless us, sweet, with love.

LOOK INTO THESE FOND EYES.

Look into these fond eyes, with eyes
How fond!
When fleeting joy for ever flies,
Despond!
This hour 'tis ours; think not what lies
Beyond!

Dark o'er to-morrow's desert way
Grief lowers;
Forget it! still we tread to-day
Through flowers.
Love flies; O clasp it while it may
Be ours!

Those clinging lips — that burning kiss
Again !
I lose — I drown in this fierce bliss
All pain ;
Fate shrieks what shall be, and what is,
In vain.

GOODNIGHT !

GOODNIGHT ! goodnight ! goodnight !
No ill dreams thy slumbers fright ;
But sleep fill them with delight,
With all dearest to thy sight !
Goodnight !

Goodnight ! goodnight ! goodnight !
When dear forms thine eyes delight,
Still of all shapes brought by night,
Mine be dearest to thy sight !
Goodnight !

AFTER BÉRANGER.

Tired of Gods, the other day,
Venus, still to roaming given,
From Olympus stole away,
Earth awhile preferr'd to heaven ;

Stole to earth in mortal guise —

Guess you who the Goddess is?

She, though hid from others' eyes,

She's, I know, my laughing Liz;

O how bless'd! to me alone

Is the Queen of Beauty known.

Others, as along she trips,

Through the unobservant street,

See not eyes, and brows, and lips,

Than great Juno's own, more sweet;

Eyes as soft as summer's stars,

Hair more deep than Hebe's is,

Lips to rule the iron Mars —

Yes, 'tis Venus lives in Liz;

And, how bless'd! to me alone

Is the Queen of Beauty known.

Ah! how neat and void of pride

Deigns the Goddess to appear;

All Olympus laid aside,

See, she's but a sweet girl here.

So, conceal'd, to others' eyes,

May the charming vagrant be;

But in Liz, without disguise,

Shines the Queen of Love for me.

O how bless'd! to me alone

Is her perfect beauty known.

OF GIPSEY BLOOD YOU SURELY CAME.

Of gipsey blood you surely came ;
 Those eyes are night and fire ;
 Love leaps along your veins in flame,
 In throbs of dear desire ;
 And he who wins a burning kiss
 From that delicious mouth,
 Has surely known the rapturous bliss,
 The wild love of the South.

You move, you dance, you laugh, you talk,
 And still do all proclaim,
 Speech, whisper, gesture, glance, and walk,
 The clime from which you came ;
 I press your hand, and I forget
 The world beneath my eyes,
 Before me clicks the castanet,
 And vine and olive rise.

O deep dark eyes ! who looks from you
 To see, soft gleaming forth,
 The tender faith that sparkles through
 The blue orbs of the North !
 In you, the storm, the lightning sleep,
 And hate and death are there,
 Life that must know a love, how deep !
 And O what wild despair !

YES, MY HEART IS LIKE TINDER.

Yes, my heart is like tinder, and eyes such as yours
 Have often before set my blood in a glow;
 But the passion that then soon went out now endures;
 And this, will it fade, too? Ah! dearest, no—no!

At moments, perchance, it may seem not so bright,
 But brighter or dimmer, 'tis still but the same;
 If, dearest, it smoulders, 'twill leap into light
 The instant your eyes call it up into flame.

WHERE, O POLAND, ARE THY LANCES?

WHERE, O Poland, are thy lances?
 Europe needs them once again;
 Westward, horde on horde are pouring;
 Poles, for you we look in vain;
 Comes the savage Cossack; onward
 Spurs the Tartar with loose rein;
 Where, O Poland, are thy lances?
 Europe needs them once again.

O for Sobieski's pennons!
 Trembling Austria recalls
 How they flung the baffled Moslem
 Back from freed Vienna's walls;

Host on host around her gather;
 Must she for you look in vain?
 Where, O Poland, are thy lances?
 Europe needs them once again.

O for Kosciusko's legions —
 Those that Poniatowsky led —
 They who charged at gory Grokow —
 Those who with Dombrowski bled!
 Hearts that, Frenchmen, for your glory,
 Pour'd their streaming blood like rain!
 Where, O Poland, are thy lances?
 Europe needs them once again.

Yes, we need them in the struggle,
 Look'd for long, where Europe fights,
 Arm'd for all that makes her glory,
 Arts and freedom — thoughts and rights;
 Shall the Tartar's trampling horse-hoofs
 Make the boast of ages vain?
 Where, O Poland, are thy lances?
 Europe needs them once again.

Shall no more thy snow-white eagle
 Sweep the battle as of yore?
 Shall we see thy countless pennons
 Streaming down the charge no more?
 Must we for thy old free war-cry
 Henceforth listen all in vain?
 Where, O Poland, are thy lances?
 Europe needs them once again.

Europe needs them! Ah! how swiftly
 Would they answer to her cry:
 "Poland, Europe gives you freedom;
 "Guard her freedom, Poles, or die!"
 'Gainst the North, what better rampart
 Than your free hearts can we gain?
 Where, O Poland, are thy lances?
 Europe needs them once again.

1854.

THE HORRID METAMORPHOSIS.

NOT FROM OVID.

"My passport was made out in the name of William Smith."
 LOUIS PHILIPPE, *at Newhaven.*

COME all you kings and rulers,
 All you to whom belong
 The souls and goods of nations,
 Come, listen to my song;
 For better than all sermons
 To you the times should preach:
 Then hearken to the lessons,
 The wisdom that they teach;
 Oh! 'tis an awful story,
 This tale they school you with,
 How one of you, a week since,
 Was changed into a Smith.

This king was in his palace,
All in his Tuilleries,
And much he slapp'd his pockets,
And much he felt at ease;
Now telling up his millions,
Now musing how he'd won
By villany and tricking
A kingdom for his son;
No cruel chance of tripping
His old thought's troubled with;
He little thinks of changing
In one week to a Smith.

Ah, how he'd duped his people!
How he the fools had done
Who, making him their monarch,
Had dream'd their freedom won;
Had dream'd in changing rulers
They changed their ruling too,
That what the Bourbon fail'd in,
The Orleans ne'er would do;
All this he thinks, and chuckles
His silence mingle with;
Old man there's yet a future —
You yet may be a Smith.

He reckons up his winnings
With cunning smiles and glee,
September laws safe gagging
The press he swore to free;

Select, bought-up elections —
Chambers that placemen fill —
The right to grumble pending
Upon his royal will;
O why the people's growlings
Should he concern him with?
Has he not forts and bayonets?
Who'll make of him a Smith?

His thoughts are of the dinner —
There's joy above his frown —
Bugeaud will flesh his bayonets —
Bugeaud will hew them down;
A hundred thousand sabres,
And dripping all their blades —
Ah, faith, your smile has meaning,
King of the Barricades!
Yet sure some mocking devil
Your thought is busy with;
And trust me, King, he's sneering,
To think of you as Smith.

A day has gone : — the sunshine
Peers coldly through each pane
Of that old Bourbon palace,
And there's our king again?
His yesterday, so stormy,
Has sleepless made his night,
But yet he trusts to shuffles
To end the matter right;

For Molé, for a moment,
Guizot's been parted with;
Knaves will themselves be duping —
He'll know it when he's Smith.

The hum — the rush of thousands —
The rising city's roar —
Notre Dame the tocsin's ringing,
St. Antoine's up once more;
The Boulevards thick are piling
Their barricades full fast:
The Nationals, they waver —
The Line's faith, will it last?
Thiers — Barrot — he's crownless;
All's gone; they've settled with
The old knave and his ruling,
And Louis Philippe's Smith.

A sorry cab is flying —
For near St. Cloud he's bound;
For alms among the soldiers
His old hat's going round.
Now comes a week of dodging,
Of dread that they'll condemn
His kingship to the mercy
That he had shown to them;
Now, millions, crown and whiskers
And fear all parted with,
He steams towards Newhaven,
A Mr. William Smith.

O well this awful story
 May shock each royal ear!
 And yet I trust its warning
 To all is passing clear.
 The moral you'll be drawing
 From this, my tale of France,
 Is plainly, Kings and rulers,
 Step out, my crowns,—advance;
 Or incomes, thrones, and whiskers,
 You'll, friends, be parting with,
 For pilot coats and Claremonts,
 And passports fill'd with Smith.

1848.

 SPRING SONG.

Now the fields are full of flowers;
 Now, in ev'ry country lane,
 Making mirth and gladness ours,
 Wild-flowers nod and blush again;
 Now they stain
 Heath and lane,
 Long'd-for lost ones come again.

Now the mower, on his scythe
 Leaning, wipes his furrow'd brow;
 Many a song the milkmaid blithe
 Carols through the morning now;
 Clear and strong
 Goes her song,
 With the clanking pail along.

Blithely lusty Roger now
Through the furrows plods along,
Singing to the creaking plough
Many a quaint old country song;
Morning rings
As he sings,
With the praise of other Springs.

Children now in every school
Wish away the weary hours;
Doubly now they feel the rule
Barring them from buds and flowers;
How they shout,
Bounding out,
Lanes and fields to race about!

Now, with shrill and wondering shout,
As some new-found prize they pull,
Prattlers range the fields about,
Till their laps with flowers are full;
Seated round
On the ground,
Now they sort the wonders found.

Now do those in cities pent,
Labouring life away, confess,
Spite of all, that life was meant,
One to be with happiness:
Hark! they sing,
"Pleasant Spring,
"Joy to all was meant to bring."

Poets now in sunshine dream;
 Now their eyes such visions see,
 That the golden ages seem
 Times that yet again may be.
 Hark! they sing:
 "Years shall bring
 "Golden ages — endless Spring."

AN AUTUMN SONG.

LIME — golden lime!

Bright burst thy greenness forth to April's tearful wooing,
 Throng'd of the booming bee in verdurous summer's prime;
 Ah! sere and shrivelling now, the miry way 'tis strewing,
 Lime — golden lime!

Lime — golden lime!

What though thy parting leaves the wailing winds are calling,
 What though to serenity all hath changed thy vernal prime,
 Why should we mourn that fast thy golden glory's falling,
 Lime — golden lime?

Lime — golden lime!

Yes — thou in thought shalt come when gloomy gusts are
 shrilling
 Along the wan wide snows in winter's hueless time,
 The chill and pallid day with autumn glory filling,
 Lime — golden lime!

THANK HEAVEN! I'M STILL A BOY.

THEY smile at me; they, laughing, say,
 " When will you be a man?
 " The parting year leaves you the boy
 " You were when it began."
 And I, in love with the disgrace,
 Their smiles and jests enjoy,
 And thank kind heaven that, old in years,
 In heart I'm still a boy.

What is it, this they'd have me win,
 This gain from which I start?
 A keener, calculating head —
 Ah, loss! a colder heart;
 Well, manhood's sense or boyhood's warmth,
 But one if I enjoy,
 Leave, leave the heart, and keep the head,
 I still will be a boy.

THE WORD.

A CRY FOR CONTINENTAL FREEDOM.

THE Word — it must be whisper'd;
 Scarce breathed it now must be;
 But, boys, it shall be shouted,
 Ere long, from sea to sea;

It shall be told in thunders
That smite the tyrants down —
In shouts of rising nations,
That shatter throne and crown.
O were the Word but spoken
That whisper'd now must be,
The Word that, once more spoken,
Shall strike the bound earth free!

Thank God! we learn'd it early,
And early spoke it out;
'Twas thunder'd, boys, at Edgehill,
It rang through Naseby's shout;
And kings went down before it —
They own'd its might too late —
A Charles in '47,
A James in '88.
O were the Word but spoken
That whisper'd now must be,
The Word that, once more spoken,
Shall strike the bound earth free!

And, God be thank'd! our brothers
Its teaching well had learn'd,
When Boston, Brunswick stamp-acts
And Brunswick ruling spurn'd;
From Bunker's Hill in tempests
To George's ears 'twas borne;
At York, for good his threats, boys,
And him it laugh'd to scorn.

O were the Word but spoken
That whisper'd now must be,
The Word that, once more spoken,
Shall strike the bound earth free!

In France, a century mutter'd,
In '89 'twas heard,
And Louis, paltering with it,
Fell crush'd beneath the Word;
'Their Bourbons strove, in '30,
To hush that cry in vain;
In eighteen years, away, boys,
It rent their crown again.
O were the Word but spoken
That whisper'd now must be,
The Word that, once more spoken,
Shall strike the bound earth free!

But 'twas in '48, boys,
It show'd what it could do;
From land to land — from nation
To nation, fierce it flew;
From throne to shatter'd throne, boys,
Lay its destroying track,
And despot to cow'd despot
In trembling howl'd it back.
O were the Word but spoken
That whisper'd now must be,
The Word that, once more spoken,
Shall strike the bound earth free!

From palace swift to palace,
On swept the mighty cry,
The shout of sunless nations
That hail'd the day-dawn nigh,
The clang of falling fetters
That rang from shore to shore,
The songs that told to tyrants
That slaves were slaves no more.
O were the Word but spoken
That whisper'd now must be,
The Word that, once more spoken,
Shall strike the bound earth free!

From city on to city,
Its hope and gladness sprung;
Palermo toss'd it on, boys,
It leapt from Genoa's tongue;
How quick the lips of Venice
Its earthquake-accent learn'd!
A trumpet-blast to Pesth, boys,
How swift her yoke she spurn'd!
O were the Word but spoken
That whisper'd now must be,
The Word that, once more spoken,
Shall strike the bound earth free!

Then trembled Spain's poor despot,
Then Prussia's pedant lied;
It trod on trampling Naples,
It broke the Hapsburg's pride;

Arm'd, Milan sprang to greet it,
From 'neath the Austrian's heel;
Free, Rome exulting heard it,
And clash'd it on with steel.
O were the Word but spoken
That whisper'd now must be,
The Word that, once more spoken,
Shall strike the bound earth free!

It sank, and lost awhile, boys,
Awhile, alone, it seems;
But slaves, their hearts still hold it,
It haunts their tyrants' dreams.
When shall their free lips speak it,
Their lips that now are dumb?
When will its day of triumph,
Its day of vengeance, come?
O were the Word but spoken
That whisper'd now must be,
The Word that, once more spoken,
Shall strike the bound earth free!

Hurrah! the Czar goes down, boys,
Each hated despot's stay!
From ev'ry tyrant's throne, boys,
We hew the prop away.
What matter though a despot
Breaks down the despot's sway?
He does but do our work, boys,
And Hungary's debt we pay.

O were the Word but spoken
That whisper'd now must be,
The Word that, once more spoken,
Shall strike the bound earth free!

And we — we scorn its teaching?
In freedom's cause allied
With crowns and thrones, with peoples
Dare we not, boys, to side?
No — let the Word be spoken,
Shall we not heed its call?
Shall we not strike for freedom?
With freedom stand or fall?
O were the Word but spoken
That whisper'd now must be,
The Word that, once more spoken,
Shall strike the bound earth free!

What, we who vaunt our freedom,
When slaves for freedom rise,
Shall we not help the nations
To win the rights we prize?
Shall not our hearts be with them?
Shall not our right arms be
With all who strike that day, boys,
Like us, boys, to be free?
O were the Word but spoken
That now must whisper'd be,
The Word that, once more spoken,
Shall strike the bound earth free?

GOD SPARE MY BOY AT SEA !

How wild without is the moaning night!
 And the waves race in, how fierce and white !
 But white as the waves is she;
 To the window that looks to sea she steals,
 And there, as she hears the thunder's peals,
 And the lightning shows the sea,
 How wild is that trembling mother's prayer !
 " O Heaven, my child in mercy spare!
 " O God, where'er he be,
 " O God ! my God ! in pity spare
 " My boy to-night at sea !"

Hark ! tossing and tumbling, white as snow,
 How the billows roar on the rocks below !
 But white as their foam is she;
 And O how sick is that mother's heart !
 How those cries to God from her poor lips start,
 As she looks o'er the raging sea !
 God ! in Thy mercy, hear her prayer !
 O Heaven ! her child in mercy spare !
 O God ! where'er he be,
 For her poor sake, in pity spare
 Her boy to-night at sea !

THE SEA-BOY'S DREAM.

Two years from home—five months from land—
 How home-sick is the boy!
 And by the ship's side how he'll stand
 His home-thoughts to enjoy!
 Down the clear sea his eyes may look,
 To look they do but seem;
 They see the home that he forsook
 To live his child's sea-dream;
 And oh, as there he leans apart,
 How eyes look love into his heart!

Whose eyes? Whose eyes? And does it task
 Your thought at once to guess?
 Ah! whose the eyes his heart would ask
 His sight the first to bless?
 The tears that to the boy's eyes steal,
 His quick hand sweeps away;
 But O his mother's clasp to feel!
 To drink in all she'd say!
 To hear her, "Boy, no more we'll part!"
 And feel her strain him to her heart!

THE CURFEW.

A WELCOME TO THE AUSTRIAN CONCORDAT.

Yes, still that ancient cry
 Our living ears affrights;
 The curfew call swells high,
 "Put out — put out your lights!"
 Yes; even a single spark,
 A rushlight now affrights
 These friends of darkness; hark!
 "Put out — put out your lights!"

All light these priests condemn;
 To see we have no right;
 Even twilight seems to them
 Too bright for man's weak sight;
 In gloom men dream and curse —
 Even that their Pope affrights;
 In light their dreams were worse;
 "Put out — put out your lights!"

See; Austria's despot quakes
 Before a gleam of thought;
 Quick — quick — his sceptre shakes;
 Some help must straight be bought;
 Ah! Rome to this must see;
 For thought Rome, too, affrights;
 "Let the Concordat be!
 "Put out — put out your lights!"

How France, lit up so long,
Has shock'd, O Rome, your sight!
Her lights are far too strong;
For her, let there be night.
Her despot, even a spark,
A single gleam, affrights;
For him they're crying, hark!
"Put out — put out your lights!"

Sardinia, see, has dared
Of late its eyes to use;
Spain, where so well they fared,
Their night would fain refuse;
Even Rome itself they find
Its holy father frights;
French bayonets Rome must blind;
"Put out — put out your lights!"

These friends of darkness well
May tremble for its reign;
Why Bibles, see, they'd sell
In Tuscany and Spain;
Auto-da-fés must be,
To set all this to rights;
Quick, Holy Office, see
To this! "Put out your lights!"

They're sighing for the blaze
Of Smithfield once again;
For Mary Tudor's days,
Dear monks, they'll sigh in vain;

No more the times return
Of all their old delights,
To gag, and rack, and burn ;
“ Put out — put out your lights !”

Thank God ! we here can scoff
At this their priestly cry ;
We laugh their Jesuits off,
And all their power defy.
For England Wiseman sighs —
To Rome the worst of sights ;
But all in vain he cries,
“ Put out — put out your lights !”

THE SLAVERS' WRECK.

A HINT TO CERTAIN EMPERORS.

Ho! GODLESS madmen at the helm,
Ho! slavers on the deck,
Your bark the waves will overwhelm,
Your curst ship goes to wreck;
So let it be ; ship sea on sea ;
Right through the breakers go ;
The rocks that wreck you will but free
Your prison'd slaves below.

God-doom'd, your onward course you shape
With all the skill you can ;
His vengeance long you will not 'scape,
Foul fetterers of man !

Godless — accurst — right plain we see
You to destruction go ;
Who cares? The rocks that wreck you free
Your prison'd slaves below.

Hark ! madmen, through the thickening gloom
I hear the surf's deep roar ;
How fast, all reckless of your doom,
You drive towards the shore.
Ho ! breakers left and right I see,
Ahead they're white as snow.
Who cares? The rocks that wreck you, free
Your prison'd slaves below.

Ah! did you care my course to try,
You might at danger scoff;
Your bondsmen's help with freedom buy;
Quick ! strike their fetters off !
But, while they're slaves, no help they'll be ;
Too well, ere this, they know,
The rocks that wreck their masters, free
Their prison'd slaves below.

SHE'S DEAD!

SHE'S dead — she's dead!
 Her night of life is o'er.
 No summer murmurs those still lips shall speak;
 Sunrise and sunset she shall see no more;
 Nor flush nor pallor to that faded cheek
 Shall joy or fear for evermore restore;
 Thou, Earth, no more shalt throb beneath her tread;
 She's dead — she's dead!

Thou masker, Death!
 Thou art but life disguised;
 Still burn the suns though we but gaze on night.
 From these poor raiments that her soul despised,
 She's passed to holier hours and shadeless light.
 Thou wan, dim Earth, she walks in fields more prized;
 And 'gainst her shining brows is heaven's own breath;
 Thou masker, Death!

O THE WILD, WILD WINDS HAVE VOICES.

O THE wild, wild winds have voices
 That only that wife's ears hear;
 One voice that wife rejoices,
 While one but speaks of fear.
 As she listens, the winds moan by,
 And they tell of a prayed-for ship,
 Of the look from a longed-for eye,
 And the sound from a long-lost lip.

Now what does she hear them tell,
As, without, through the night they sweep?
Of his whaler speeding well
Home — home, o'er a waveless deep;
Yes, she hears in the winds a voice
That's telling how swift his ship
Speeds on, her heart to rejoice
With a kiss from his longed-for lip.

Now what do the wild gusts utter,
As, by, the night-winds moan?
Of tempest and wreck they mutter,
Of peril and death alone;
Of a bare hull swept before
The storm — of a foundering ship —
Of a face she shall see no more,
And a vainly longed-for lip.

CHILD, PURSUE THY BUTTERFLY!

CHILD, pursue thy butterfly,
Hot of foot and keen of eye,
But to learn, poor fool, when caught,
It, so wildly, hotly sought,
Was but all unworth thy thought,
All unworth a smile or sigh.
Child, pursue thy butterfly!

Thou, the hunter of a name,
Chaser of the flight of fame,
On, Ixion-like, above,
Mount, to clasp but cloud, and prove
Thou art but the cheat of Jove,
Mock and laughter of the sky.
Child, pursue thy butterfly!

Midas, thou that in the strife
But for riches, wastest life,
Win thy wish, and, winning, learn
All that thou hast toiled to earn
Is what wisdom well may spurn,
Bought with all thou winn'st it by.
Child, pursue thy butterfly!

Bee, that knowest but the power
Sweets to suck from every hour,
Thou, whose wasted days have known
Pleasures of the sense alone,
On, amid thy joys to own,
Won, they waken but the sigh.
Child, pursue thy butterfly!

Shadow-hunter, too, art thou,
Who, to good, thy toil dost vow?
No — the golden gleams that woo
Thy swift hopes, O soul! pursue;
Won or not, thou track'st the true,
Ever to thine heaven more nigh;
Thine no fleeting butterfly!

LIZ, YOU 'VE A TEAZING HEART.

Liz, you've a teasing heart; foolish one, part with it,
 If you a moment of comfort would see;
 What can you do, O the mad wild young heart, with it?
 Quick, Liz, get rid of it; leave it with me.

I, too, have one, just its fellow at teasing me;
 What, with so wild an one — what can I do?
 Ah, if you'd know how you best could be pleasing me,
 You'd let me leave it for good, Liz, with you.

Yours, that each instant so tricks you and plays from you,
 By me so fondled and petted should be,
 'T would have no care to roam, and, if mine strays from you,
 Never put faith more in hearts or in me.

Nay, never fear but its good it will know too well
 Ever to harbour a thought, Liz, to stray;
 Would you, in truth, all its love have it show too well?
 Only in sport threat to drive it away.

Then how 'twill flutter and tremble and pray to you,
 'Till that, poor scared thing, you'll pity its fear;
 Quick, then! my counsel take! heed what I say to you,
 Quick! take my heart and leave yours, Lizzie, here!

TO THE CONGRESS OF PARIS.

Lo, at the council-table seated,
 The Congress sits in talk profound;
 While guess and rumour are repeated
 To wondering nations listening round.
 Well may the peoples, gagged and fettered,
 Flutter to hear of this and that,
 Without a hope that they'll be bettered
 By all, O Congress, that you're at!
 Yes, despots laugh and subjects groan;
 But, hark! I hear the nations say,
 "We'll hold a Congress of our own
 "Without your help, O Kings, some day."

What by your awful wisdom's uttered,
 O Congress, we can only guess;
 To us no syllable is muttered;
 But royal ears your councils bless.
 Around, the trembling nations listen:
 O what will come of all this fuss!
 Imperial eyes with gladness glisten;
 Ah! that can bode no good to us.
 Yes, despots laugh and subjects groan;
 But, hark! I hear the nations say,
 "We'll hold a Congress of our own
 "Without your help, O Kings, some day."

We hoped, indeed, the proverb's moral
 Would hold true, not for thieves alone;
 The people said, "When Emperors quarrel,
 The peoples perhaps will get their own."

This, too, their sceptred owners fearing,
Too soon they bid their war to cease;
O Congress, soon shall we be hearing,
Thrones only gain by this your peace.
Yes, despots laugh and subjects groan;
But, hark! I hear the nations say,
"We'll hold a Congress of our own
"Without your help, O Kings, some day!"

Say, is the map of Europe, lying
Upon your council-table there,
Their rights to nations still denying,
The selfsame markings still to bear?
Vienna's Congress kings invested
With states that still their freedom claim;
Has Paris 'gainst their wrongs protested?
Or does it leave them but the same?
Yes, despots laugh and subjects groan;
But, hark! I hear the nations say,
"We'll hold a Congress of our own
"Without your help, O Kings, some day."

England and France, your faith believing,
Sardinia helped you in your need;
Are you her holy hopes deceiving?
Or, say, shall Italy be freed?
How often, fettered Poland naming,
"Poland," you said, "again should be."
Are you your uttered words disclaiming?
Or, say, shall Poland now be free?

Yes, despots laugh and subjects groan;
But, hark! I hear the nations say,
"We'll hold a Congress of our own
"Without your help, O Kings, some day."

Alas! alas! what fettered nation,
What people gagged and watched and bound,
Thinks that for it, its hoped salvation
Will in your protocols be found?
What matter? Hope to us is singing
Of all of which your parchment's dumb;
The deluge that our new world's bringing,
Our better world, will surely come.
Yes, despots laugh and subjects groan;
But, hark! I hear the nations say,
"We'll hold a Congress of our own
"Without your help, O Kings, some day."

NO MORE GREAT LOVE MY HEART BEGUILÉS.

"No more great Love my heart beguiles,"

Methought;

I said, "I dare to hold his wiles

"At nought."

But, ah, again, by your dear smiles

I'm caught.

How strong his strength, and I, how weak!

Fierce child!

Your laughing lips he did but seek,

And smiled,

And I no more of scorn could speak —

Beguiled.

How came I so the boy to slight !
 Ah, true !
Yet how could I guess what his might
 Could do,
When then he ne'er had snared my sight
 With you !

THE SONG OF DEATH.

TIME said to Pride,
 " Robe thee in rich array ;
 " Fair Lowliness deride
 " That walks beside thy way !"
But ever grim Death kept singing,
 Awful and low its tone.
" Wisest are they who, born in time,
 " Yet live not for time alone."

Earth spake to Lust,
 " Bar not, O Lust, thy will ;
 " Delights full rare hath sense ;
 " Of all take thou thy fill !"
But ever grim Death kept singing,
 Piercing and calm its tone,
" Wisest are they, the sons of time,
 " Who live not for time alone."

 " Known be thy name !"
 Vanity heard Life say,
" Breathe thou the breath of fame
 " That shall not pass away !"

But ever grim Death kept singing,
Solemn and clear its tone,
"Wisest are they who, toiling in time,
"Yet toil not for time alone."

THE LUCK OF EDEN HALL.

A PRAYER TO THE PEOPLE.

SONG, that all wond'rous things can save,
Tells how, of old, to Eden's lord
A magic gift the fairies gave,
Some kindly action's rich reward;
A crystal cup, that, safe, no ill
Should unto Eden's race befall;
Theirs should be every blessing still,
While theirs the Luck of Eden Hall.
O, lords of Eden, treasure up
The fairies' gift — your magic cup!

Lands, state and reverence, courage, power,
Wealth that no wildest waste impairs,
Health, genius, every good 's their dower,
While the good fairies' gift is theirs.
But let a rash or faithless hand
The magic blessing once let fall,
Lost shall be power, and wealth, and land,
Lost with the Luck of Eden Hall.
O, race of Eden, treasure up
The fairies' gift — your magic cup!

O truth, in olden fiction told !
O England, heed the lesson well ;
A precious truth this tale of old,
To ears that heed it, still should tell ;
Unto thy trust a gift, how rare !
By gracious Providence is given ;
O, of that priceless gift take care,
Freedom, that priceless gift of heaven !
O, land of freemen, treasure up
Freedom, God's gift — thy magic cup !

Since thou hast had it, time can tell
How every blessing has been yours ;
Still dost thou prize thy treasure well ;
See how thy greatness still endures !
Matchless the race that in thee dwells ;
Thy sails are white on every sea ;
To wondering nations, glory tells
Of all possessed and done by thee.
O, land of freemen, treasure up
God's priceless gift — thy magic cup !

Hark ! through the troubled earth resounds
The strife for rights thy sons have here ;
Whilst peace abides within thy bounds,
And wisdom rules thee free from fear.
Envious, thy state the nations see,
By tyrants gagged, by priests oppressed ;
O race, so great because so free,
How blessed are you with freedom blessed !
O, race of freemen, treasure up
God's priceless gift — your magic cup !

Ah, prize it well! O my own land
Let not the mocking nations see
This blessing, given to thy hand,
E'er held less dear than now by thee!
Still let this highest gift of God,
Thee, land, above the nations lift!
So shall thy future path be trod
Secure from ill, through this God's gift.
O, land of freemen, treasure up
God's priceless gift — thy magic cup!

So in its weird strength shalt thou stand,
Rock-like amid the waves of ill;
Thy conquering march through time, how grand!
Thy future ever grander still;
But O, remember, in that hour
Thy hold is from thy treasure forced,
To weakness turns thy vaunted power —
With freedom's loss shall all be lost.
O, race of freemen, treasure up
God's priceless gift — your magic cup.

THE TRICOLOR.

A CRY FOR EUROPEAN FREEDOM.

WHEN will the nations be up once more,
With a shout that shall ring from shore to shore,
And Europe's despots go down before
The flaunt of our flag — the Tricolor?
Palsied and hagridden, Europe seems,
Tranced and tortured in evil dreams,

But hard she breathes and turns her o'er;
Let her wake to the flap of the Tricolor!
The render of chains — the Tricolor;
The planter of rights — the Tricolor;
O that the people's ranks once more
Were flaunting onward the Tricolor!

Frenchmen, ground 'neath a despot's heel,
When will you turn on the girdling steel?
Paris, will it be long before
St. Antoine's up for the Tricolor!
Mutterers by the thrice-freed Seine,
When will your barricades rise again?
When will your Marseillaise once more
Be thundered out 'neath the Tricolor?
"Eighty-nine's" flag — the Tricolor;
"Thirty's" banner — the Tricolor;
When will "forty-eight's" ranks once more
Conquer a crown 'neath the Tricolor.

Shall not Naples' Bourbon hear
A shout that shall smite him white with fear?
Shall not Sicily strike once more,
Armed and ranked, for the Tricolor?
Freedom yet shall make her home
In a proud Milan, and a priestless Rome,
And Florence shall yet take heart once more
For her old free life, 'neath the Tricolor.
Mazzini's banner — the Tricolor;
Garibaldi's colours — the Tricolor;
The South's republics shall live once more,
Chainless again 'neath the Tricolor.

How long will Clicquot befool and lie,
 Nor fear that his Berliners' hour is nigh?
 Brandenburg oaths will serve no more
 When Prussia takes to the Tricolor.
 For another March will the dotard wait?
 For the vengeance that's due for 'forty-eight?'
 To Potsdam shall he not fly once more,
 Hunted forth by the Tricolor?

The righter of wrongs — the Tricolor;
 The smiter of thrones — the Tricolor;
 Let Potsdam's pedant grow wise before
 His Prussians take to the Tricolor!

Darkly St. Stephen's tower looks down
 On lowering brows in Vienna's town,
 On lips that mutter yet more and more
 Of days that shall come with the Tricolor.
 Austrians, when will the glad time come
 When German thoughts must no more be dumb,
 When Hapsburg and Croat will fly before
 The shouts that herald the Tricolor?

Bohemia's dream — the Tricolor;
 Proud Hungary's hope — the Tricolor;
 Lombardy's heart is strong once more,
 As she flushes and thinks of the Tricolor.

Gagg'd and fetter'd by cowl and crown,
 Hungary crouches, Cossack'd down;
 Pesth, how long will it be before
 Your walls shall fling out the Tricolor?
 Kossuth watches and waits afar;
 In the leash are Honved and fierce hussar;

Guyon, the Austrian squares, once more
Will thunder through, with the Tricolor.
The Magyar's thought — the Tricolor;
The Hapsburg's terror — the Tricolor;
When will Klapka's hussars once more
Spur to the charge for the Tricolor?

That order reigns that trod down souls
When Diebitsch butcher'd Grokow's Poles;
Shall not that order be rent once more
When Warsaw raises the Tricolor?
Poland, how we hunger to hear
Your thunder-tramp and your lancers' cheer,
When the snow-white eagle streams once more
To the charge, by the side of the Tricolor!
Kosciusko's standard — the Tricolor;
Dombrowski's banner — the Tricolor;
Oh that your pennons were launch'd once more
On the Russian squares, for the Tricolor!

Northward, each despot looks afar
For the help of each tyrant's prop — the Czar;
But westward the Cossack spurs no more
Again to trample the Tricolor.
For at home for him the Western swords
Have carved out work for his swarming hordes,
And conquering Europe shakes no more
At the frowns of the foe of the Tricolor.
The Alma's colours — the Tricolor;
The Tchernaya's flag — the Tricolor;
Calmuck and Tartar have learn'd once more
To fly from the flap of the Tricolor.

In each despot's halls is a nameless dread,
A haunting terror at board and bed;
Tyrants listen from shore to shore,
For the cry that shall come with the Tricolor.
The nations gagg'd, and blinded, and bound,
Harken too for the stormy sound,
The sound that to rend and to loose once more,
Shall conquering come with the Tricolor.
 Freer of thoughts — the Tricolor;
 Looser of lips — the Tricolor;
 Souls and tongues shall be fetter'd no more
 When thrones go down 'neath the Tricolor.

1855.

IMAGES! IMAGES!

 IMAGES! Images! sirs, I cry;
 Images! Images! come, who'll buy!
Here's a Statesman, reckoned nice,
 Cramm'd with independence; see,
He should bring a liberal price;
 Come — what shall his figure be?
Pay alone that one will buy;
 He has twice been sold before;
Power — a garter — this goes high;
 Come — for this you must bid more.
 Images! Images! sirs, I cry;
 Images! Images! come, who'll buy!

Here's a Soldier; that one, hark,
He is but mere common clay;
You can have him for a mark,
Cheap, for just twelve pence a day.
This one's quite another kind;
Sirs, for him play other cards;
For him orders you must find,
Or a fresh step in the Guards.
Images ! Images ! sirs, I cry;
Images ! Images ! come, who'll buy.

Here's a Lawyer — wants a soul,
Sold some years since for a fee;
For another — there, the whole,
All that's left, sir, yours shall be;
Let's be plain though, shunning strife,
He's your own but while he's breath,
Not an instant after life,
Satan has him, slap, at death.
Images ! Images ! sirs, I cry;
Images ! Images ! come, who'll buy!

Here's a Poet; well, this time
You shall purchase for a whim;
Say, "he's Homer;" hear his rhyme;
That, you'll find, makes sure of him;
That's another of the tribe,
Queer the lot are, friends, I own,
At his rivals sneer and gibe;
There—he's yours for that alone.
Images ! Images ! sirs, I cry;
Images ! Images ! come, who'll buy!

Aldermen — coarse, dull, and fat —
Turtle, who'll for these afford ?
Sir, a knighthood buys you that;
This, the notice of a lord;
Jews? O take them, life and soul,
For a bargain — large or small.
Tradesmen — you may have the whole,
Orders — cash, sir, buys them all.
Images ! Images ! sirs, I cry;
Images ! Images ! come, who'll buy !

Who's for Women ? on my life,
I can suit all ; only try;
This, sir, if you want a wife,
Thirty thousand pounds will buy ;
This, a title ; but here, sir,
If for less you must be blest,
Any home will purchase her ;
Prices differ for the rest.
Images ! Images ! sirs, I cry ;
Images ! Images ! come, who'll buy !

Here's a Curate, lean and poor ,
Him a living, friends, will buy ;
Vicars can't be bought — you're sure?
They're too holy? only try;
Now who offers for this Saint ?
What? a Deanery? not amiss ;
And for this now? there, don't faint;
Yes, a Mitre buys you this.
Images ! Images ! sirs, I cry;
Images ! Images ! come, who'll buy !

Here's an Actor — yours for noise;
Only clap; he's yours, kind sir.
A Danseuse — a bouquet choice,
Diamonds — dress, make sure of her.
And this Merchant? — early news,
For a sly stroke upon 'Change,
Some good hint — the thing to use,
One that will the Funds derange.
Images! Images! sirs, I cry;
Images! Images! come, who'll buy!

Here's a Bigot; who ensures
Him the highest seat in heaven?
Here's a Courtier; sir, he's yours
For that Garter to be given.
This Composer? you make oath
He's a Mozart? he's your own.
Painter? Sculptor? praise buys both,
Like your Poet — praise alone.
Images! Images! sirs, I cry;
Images! Images! come, who'll buy!

What, sirs, you're for higher game?
King or Emperor? don't be nice;
They've their figure; conquests — fame —
Higher taxes — that's their price;
This one of the Bomba kind,
Mind! or, sir, he'll go off, bang!
Take him! do! if you've a mind
For some patriots, just to hang.
Images! Images! sirs, I cry;
Images! Images! come, who'll buy

There, I 'm nearly rid of all ;
Come, who has the rest? they 'll go
All for something; great and small,
King and cobbler — high and low;
Wisdom—ignorance—virtue—vice—
Patriot—tyrant—knave and tool—
Come— who buys? all have their price—
Parson—tradesman—genius—fool.
Images! Images! sirs, I cry;
Images! Images! come who 'll buy!

HAD I A POET'S MIGHTY POWER.

HAD I a Poet's mighty power,
How would I joy to make your name
The people's thought through every hour,
A sound the sweetest known to fame!
To every fleeting charm I 'd give
Existence that should time defy;
And in a nation's songs should live
Our love in words that never die.

And O, were mine the painter's art,
From every form my pencil drew,
In still immortal youth should start
Some charm — some memory of you;
That beauty, by my canvas caught,
The baffled might of time should scorn,
Unknowing change or age, the thought —
The awe of races yet unborn.

Yet, love, who cares ? not you, I know ;
This hour at least is all our own ;
For this the future we 'll forego :
How blest to live for this alone !
Can fame, with its eternal fuss,
One moment such as this restore !
Love brims the cup of life for us ;
Nor you, nor I, shall ask for more.

WHILE THE CHAMPAGNE FOAMS.

WHILE the Champagne foams
And trembles in your glasses,
Lift it, sparkling, high,
To her who all surpasses.
Drink this toast of mine !
Trust me, to my thinking,
She 's a toast divine,
Worth the Gods' own drinking,
Worth the Gods' own drinking
When Hebe pours the wine.

Fill to her again !
Faith ! boys, she resembles
This same golden light
In my glass that trembles ;
Bright her dear eyes are,
Brighter far than this is ;
And her ripe lips far
Beat it, boys, in blisses,
Not such glorious blisses
In Jove's own nectar are.

Yes, this sparkling wine
Joy to life is giving ;
But her lips to mine,
That, O Gods, is living !
All joys but one were
Fate to me refusing,
To be loved by her,
That, boys, were my choosing ;
What matter all else losing,
So fate but left me her !

COUNSEL TO KINGS.

HERE, as I by my fireside sit,
And meditate my rhymes,
Across my busy brain will flit
The tidings of the times ;
And as along my memory run
The news each moment brings,
From out the whirl of thought is spun
This counsel unto kings ;
Beware, kings, beware !
Heed the game ye play !
Kings, the world is moving ;
Stand from out the way !

At last from Prussia's royal lips
Let honest truth be heard ;
A people tire of paltering knaves
Who break too oft their word ;

The perjured faith of duped 'fifteen
Suits not since 'forty-eight;
The future holds more Marches yet
If wisdom come too late.

Beware, kings, beware!
Heed the game ye play!
Kings, the world is moving;
Stand from out the way!

Weak Austria, plant on swords your throne!
Play out your bloody game!
Your triumphs Freedom laughs to scorn;
The end is but the same;
Each time the Sibyl comes for more,
Denied her present due;
Vienna yet will have her rights,
And, kings, her vengeance too.
Beware, kings, beware!
Heed the game ye play!
Kings, the world is moving;
Stand from out the way!

You Hapsburgs and you Brandenburgs
Are things we prize, no doubt;
Force not the world to find such things
It well can do without!
Gagg'd tongues and censor-shackled thoughts
Much longer will you rule?
Be wise and know that these are times
When rulers must to school!

Beware, kings, beware!
Heed the game ye play !
Kings, the world is moving ;
Stand from out the way !

Bourbon of Naples, when shall Time
Your bloody rule forget ?
And dream you there shall come no hour
Shall pay Messina's debt ?
Hate reapeth hate; blood cries for blood;
Shall not that cry endure ?
The avenging Furies on the track,
Or swift or slow, are sure !
Beware, kings, beware !
Heed the game ye play !
Kings, the world is moving ;
Stand from out the way !

The times are gone when history
By kings alone was made ;
The future has some parts 't is plain
By nations to be play'd ;
Woe ! woe to those by whom their path,
Their fated path is cross'd !
A scaffold once a Bourbon trod—
A head a Stuart lost !
Beware, kings, beware !
Heed the game ye play !
Kings, the world is moving ;
Stand from out the way !

"SEIZE," I SAID, "O ART, THY PENCIL."

"SEIZE," I said, "O Art, thy pencil,
 "And, in colours, all divine,
 "Give her to my love for ever —
 "Ever — ever, make her mine !
 "Seize her smile ere time hath chill'd it ;
 "Fix her glance while yet 't is bright ;
 "Give that brow unlined by sorrow,
 "That deep hair untouch'd with white !"
 Vain, all vain Art's efforts were ;
 O what art could image her !

And I cry to Memory ever,
 Cry in vain to day — to night,
 "Oh, if but for one sweet instant,
 "Give her — give her to my sight !"
 Weary day unheeding hears me ;
 Night, thrice weary, heeds me not ;
 Dim the image Memory brings me,
 All its sweetness half forgot ;
 Eyes how chang'd from what they were !
 Memory may not image her !

*I can't see how I can ever see her
 Kept so long in my heart.
 But I can see her face
 When I close my eyes at night.
 Very often, too, when I'm alone.
 There, a face so sweet and kind.
 Even when I'm alone, I see her
 Such a lovely face as mine —*

*I am — Oh I am — your support and
 Love alone can image her.*

TO THE COMING COMET.

A POPULAR INVOCATION FROM SEVERAL EUROPEAN CAPITALS.

"Astronomers are expecting the appearance this year of the Comet called that of Charles V., and so named from having caused that monarch to abdicate and retire to the Convent of St. Just."—*Newspaper Paragraph.*

O COMET, blessing man's poor eyes
 When God the earth's cries deigns to hear,
 O blessed wanderer of the skies,
 O longed-for star, again appear !
 If many a people thou hast freed
 From many a despot's cursèd power,
 See, earth had never greater need
 Of thee, O star ! than at this hour.
 How despots vex poor Europe still :
 Oh, haste upon its tyrants here
 Thy destined purpose to fulfil ;
 Appear, O star, again appear !

An Emperor's word was iron law,
 Two worlds beneath his ruling groan'd ;
 O star ! thy fiery glare he saw,
 And straight his sins in sackcloth own'd.
 How many now, with sway more foul
 Than his, God's trampled earth offend !
 Oh ! to the cell — the whip — the cowl,
 How many, star, thou well might'st send.
 See, despots vex our poor earth still ;
 Oh, haste upon its tyrants here
 Thy destined purpose to fulfil ;
 Appear, O star, again appear !

Thy destined power one Stuart felt,
Who sought our fathers to enslave,
When at the block aghast he knelt
And his pale head to justice gave.
Nor long to be by tyrants vex'd
By thee, O wanderer, were we left;
A second Stuart, star, you next
Of sceptre and of crown bereft.
See, despots vex our poor earth still;
Oh, haste upon its tyrants here
Thy destin'd purpose to fulfil;
Appear, O star, again appear !

Then next the Bourbon's fated race,
Long doom'd — long spared—awoke thine ire;
Well might weak Louis trembling trace
Along the night thy train of fire.
Thy glare along the ghastly skies
Its tyrant's doom to France foretold;
Thou heard'st the people's anguish'd cries;
A king's head on their scaffold roll'd.
See, despots vex our poor earth still;
Oh, haste upon its tyrants here
Thy destined purpose to fulfil;
Appear, O star, again appear !

Then, ere you sunk from human eyes,
How, wild with terror, Europe rung,
How often, with the dying cries
Of tyrants from the people sprung !
Marat — fierce Danton — Robespierre,
All drunk with blood, by you were hurl'd

To death, no more to shake with fear
The kings and nations of the world.
See, despots vex poor Europe still;
Oh, haste upon its tyrants here
Thy destined purpose to fulfil;
Appear, O star, again appear !

A tyrant from the people sprung,
Napoleon trod on prostrate thrones;
A despot still, his ruling wrung
From trampled Europe tears and groans,
And thou didst hear ; his doom to tell,
Upon the night thy terrors rose.
And, false to freedom's rights, he fell,
Struck down by nations made his foes.
See, despots vex our poor earth still;
Oh, haste upon its tyrants here
Thy destin'd purpose to fulfil;
Appear, O star, again appear !

Again across the ghastly night,
O star, thy vengeful terrors sped;
Friend of the people, from thy sight,
Again the baffled Bourbons fled.
But better influence thou didst shed;
The people's foes thou didst not slay;
He, too, the despot in their stead
Thou didst but, crownless, scare away.
See, despots vex our poor earth still ;
Oh, haste upon its tyrants here
Thy destined purpose to fulfil;
Appear, O star, again appear !

But woe unto the nations ! woe !
To tyrants, tyrants still succeed ;
Look on this Europe, star, and know
How much thy coming still we need ;
For souls and tongues are fetter'd sore,
And slaves are they who should be free,
And nations wildly watch once more
Thy thrice-blest gleams, O star, to see.
See, despots vex our poor earth still ;
Oh, haste upon its tyrants here
Thy destined purpose to fulfil ;
Appear, O wanderer, re-appear !

How long thy coming blaze to see,
In vain the weary nations pine ;
When wilt thou come ? When will there be
A nobler, purer '89 ?
Come, and a worthier '30 bring ;
How long — how long we watch and wait ;
Come, star, and let the glad earth ring
With the free shouts of '48.
See, despots vex our poor earth still ;
Oh, haste upon its tyrants here
Thy destined purpose to fulfil ;
Appear, O star, again appear !

A CRADLE SONG.

LULLABY ! O lullaby !
 Baby, hush that little cry !
 Light is dying,
 Bats are flying —
 Bees to-day with work have done ;
 So, till comes the morrow's sun,
 Let sleep kiss those bright eyes dry !
 Lullaby ! O lullaby !

Lullaby ! O lullaby !
 Hush'd are all things far and nigh ;
 Flowers are closing,
 Birds reposing,
 All sweet things with life have done.
 Sweet, till dawns the morning sun,
 Sleep then kiss those blue eyes dry !
 Lullaby ! O lullaby !

D E A D !

Roses !
 Ah ! to charm the golden light,
 Summer none like them discloses,
 Smiles that day that met my sight,
 Roses !

Lilies !

Oh, to live again that day !

White — how white ! how cold and still is

Each wan cheek — sweet life away !

Lilies !

MY ROSES BLOSSOM THE WHOLE YEAR ROUND.

My roses blossom the whole year round ;

For, O they grow on enchanted ground ;

Divine is the earth

Where they spring to birth ;

On dimpling cheeks with love and mirth,

They 're found,

They 're ever found.

My lilies no change of seasons heed ;

Nor shelter from storms or frosts they need ;

For, O they grow

On a neck of snow,

Nor all the wintry blasts that blow

They heed,

They ever heed.

THE RIGHT ABOVE THE WRONG.

THE HOPE OF THE PEOPLE.

I HEAR them say, "By all this stir
 " What do the people gain?
 " Their despots' slaves of old they were,
 " Their slaves they still remain."
 Yet God will right the people yet,
 Although the struggle's long;
 Yes, friends, we've faith that God will set
 The right above the wrong.

" See, France," they say, " what has she won
 " By all her bloody past?
 " She ends the same as she begun,
 " A tyrant's toy at last."
 Yet, Heaven her woe will not forget,
 She'll up again ere long;
 For her we've faith that God will set
 The right above the wrong.

" No more your Hungary's battle-peals
 " O'er listening Europe roll;
 " Securely gagg'd and chain'd, she feels
 " The iron in her soul."
 Does she her battle-fields forget,
 Triumphant once so long?
 She waits, for her, too, God will set
 The right above the wrong.

" Milan, too, rose in '48,
 " And tore her chains away,
" To curse again her children's fate —
 " The Austrians' scorn to-day."
Her three days she remembers yet,
 And still her hope is strong,
Ere long her God for her will set
 The right above the wrong.

" Look, at its triple despots' feet,
 " Their victim, Poland lies;
" Who knows if still its free heart beat,
 " Or heeds its dying cries ?"
Ah ! God its cries will not forget;
 Though Poland suffer long,
We've faith that God for her will set
 The right above the wrong.

" Vienna 'gainst the Hapsburg rose:
 " And what's Vienna now?
" The very scoff of Freedom's foes,
 " The thing a spy can cow."
And does she '48 forget ?
 No. Armed, and free ere long,
Within her walls our God will set
 The right above the wrong.

Yes; gagg'd and chain'd the nations lie,
 And wrong and vengeance reign;
To God goes up the bitter cry
 That will not rise in vain.

The people watch, and wait, and let
Their living hope be strong,
Who doubts but God at last will set
The right above the wrong ?

For in a righteous God we trust;
In Him our hope is sure;
We will not think, while He is just,
Injustice can endure.
Not long, O God, wilt Thou forget
Thy people's cries — not long,
Thou wilt arise in wrath, and set
The right above the wrong.

1857.

L'ENVOI.

ROLL on, O river, to thy goal,
The far illimitable main ;
Gladdening the earth, thy waters roll
Through vale and fertile plain ;
O mighty joy ! had it been given,
Majestic river unto me,
Blessing and blest of earth and heaven,
To run my course like thee !

Yet, soul, content thee with the powers,
The lowly powers to thee assign'd ;
The brook that winds through meadow flowers,
In that thy likeness find ;
Scarce seen its course, and yet no less
Its scarce-seen course it loves to run,
Rejoicing its few fields to bless
And gurgle through the sun.

THE END.

WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Price Six Shillings.

POEMS.

London: Chapman & Hall, 193, Piccadilly.

Price One Shilling, free by post.

WAR SONGS.

From the Athenæum.

"In the 'War Songs' of W. C. Bennett, we recognize a poet who has frequently merited and received our commendation. He is a writer who has always preferred sense to sound. An earnest student of the poetic art as applicable to the commonplaces of life, and the events of the passing day, he has dealt with fugitive themes, but in a manner that will relieve his songs and sagas from the epithet. His style, too, is his own; strong and vigorous, never formal. His words are, for the most part, Saxon. Such is the character of Mr. Bennett's genius. It is eminently patriotic also; and these War Songs, both in their themes and treatment, come 'as natural to him as eating and drinking'; he had but to let his heart speak, and they existed. 'Occasional' poems are generally artificial; with Mr. Bennett they are but opportunities for spontaneous utterance."

From the Examiner.

"There is spirit and true instinct for poetry in these 'War Songs.'"

From the Weekly Dispatch.

"These Songs have vigour and fire about them."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

"These Songs have this great merit, that they are written in strong, vigorous, manly English."

From the Morning Advertiser.

"Full of feeling, melody, and fire."

London: Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

In fcp. 8vo., cloth 3s. 6d.

QUEEN ELEANOR'S VENGEANCE

AND OTHER POEMS.

London: Chapman & Hall, 193, Piccadilly.

From the Critic.

"We look upon Mr. Bennett as a landmark to indicate the way where lie the strength of nature and the power of simplicity. He is one of those old-fashioned poets—rare now, and valuable from their rarity—who were not ashamed to speak naturally like men, and who evinced power without the exhibition of muscular throes. As a poem, 'Queen Eleanor's Vengeance' is admirable; it has the intensity of tragic fire. It is brief, but pointed and defined as a poignard. In conspicuous contrast to this poem we would place another, entitled 'A New Griselda.' Here there is simplicity of style, but neither bareness nor barrenness. The tender emotions, which are best known to those who dive deepest below the surface of domestic life, are employed in this poem as only a true poet can employ them. Mr. Bennett's great triumphs, in our opinion, consist not in the kingly manner in which he walks the classic regions of the 'gods,' but in the homely step which carries him through the dwellings of men. He is known—and it is a pleasing

